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EDZELL VILLAGE.

NOOKS AND CRANNIES OF SCOTLAND. I.

THE BURN WOOD OF GLEN ESK—EDZELL CASTLE AND GANNOCHY BRIG.

By G. W. E. HILL.

IN THE British Isles are many beautiful spots possessing rare charms, not for their scenery alone, but for their historic interest as well. Many of these "bonnie bits" the tourists from America never visit. It was my great privilege to spend much time among such scenes and I purpose to embody in this series brief descriptions of places having especial interest to me. I shall couch these sketches in my own language, such as it may be, and there will be no suggestion of guide-book lore about them. The illustrations are made from views obtained on the ground. I trust the reader will be able to gather at least some small measure of the great pleasure it was to me to visit these spots.

Brechin is the oldest city of Scotland and renowned in history, song and story. I have read many sketches written by American travelers, and their descriptions of Melrose, Abbotsford, Edinburgh and Ayr are full of interest ; but here is Brechin, far more ancient and curious, and yet almost unknown ! Besides the interest which attaches to the city itself, in and about the town are many interesting features, and in this and a succeeding article I propose to tell you of some of these.

The air was crisp, the sunlight bright, the sky cloudless, the time, a day in early June. Mine hosts, Messrs. Laing and Pastor Mitchell, were genial and full of energy. In company with the above-named and James, the driver, I went whirling along through the streets of Brechin—quaint, old Scottish town. We were to visit, so they told me, some gems of Scottish scenery and, amid the fastnesses of the Burn Wood, see Scotia at her best. My companions were well posted and genuine Scottish types. I was in the best of spirits and thoroughly prepared to enjoy the day. The banks of broom were all a-bloom and looked like clumps of dazzling gold and afforded a striking contrast to the emerald hue of the wide-spreading trees. The hedge-rows on either side the way were like two solid walls of green.

We are soon in the country. We drive past peasants' homes, straw-thatched and neat, where busy housewives ply their trades and cheerily sing old Scottish airs, as their shuttles fly out and in.

We dash through the little hamlet of Trinity, by its vine-embowered cottages and groups of happy children playing upon the curb. We whirl by meadows starred with meek-eyed daisies, by fields where sturdy men and teams turn the soft loam to meet the morning sun. Good roads, perfect pictures and delightful company make the ride short.

We cross the graceful and well-wrought bridge of Cruic and, later, pause under the massive arch erected in honor of His Grace and his bonnie wife, the Earl and Countess of Dalhousie. Both died suddenly and mysteriously at Havre, just after their return from an American tour, both deaths occurring within a period of forty-eight hours. Their untimely taking off caused genuine sorrow among the peasantry and in token of that grief they raised

this graceful pile whose span reaches over the way, upon whose keystone are written the many virtues of my Laird and Lady.

For forty miles this fair estate of the Dalhousies stretches away ; down to the sea and out to the mountains grim and heather-crowned. Fine towns, many pretty villages and farms goodly to look upon make up the area of this vast entailed estate. The young earl, a lad of sixteen summers, is heir to all this tract. Briefly we tarry beside the beautiful arch, then hurry on and soon we reach the canny Edzell village. Fair Edzell ! Never was there



GANNOCHY BRIG.

a better picture of an ideal village than was presented to our view on that sunny day in June. Two long and narrow streets, with houses wrought of stone, with roofs of slate and curious tile-tipped chimneys. Before each cottage, the dainty flower-plat, where daisies, stocks and bright-eyed pansies grow, while here and there a stately rose-tree flashes its flaming blooms into the face of humbler neighbors, or an azalia shakes its yellow locks and fills the air with dense perfume.

We tarry at the little inn, to partake of the delightful cup of tea and to munch that genuine Scotch product, a scone.

Again we mount the cart and are hurried over the last stage of our journey, our objective point being the sylvan shades of Gannochy.

I have ridden many thousands of miles, but never was a ride more enjoyable to me than the one I took that day. I seem to see it all once more ; the vine-embowered, straw-thatched houses, with gardens filled with lovely blooms ; the Grampian Hills, their rugged tops snow-crowned, their sides covered with heather ; the well-tilled fields and farm-yards neat and tidy ; the roads so smooth and hard, stretching away between the walls of stone or well-trimmed hedge-rows ; the burns (brooks) where silvery trout flash in the light ; the ivy-cleed ruins and broken walls marking decay ; the undulating meadow-lands where fat, sleek cattle graze ; the watch-tower surmounting every beetling craig.

At every turn a something comes to view that fills the tourist with delight. Yonder the crumbling walls of Edzell castle stand out in bold relief against the wooded background of the mountain side. Swiftly our sturdy nag brings us along the way and after an eight-mile drive amidst bewildering and ever-changing scenery, we come to the far-famed Gannochy Brig.

A graceful and strongly built arch is this same Gannochy Bridge. The span is ninety feet in length and is swung across the river Esk at a point at which the banks are sufficiently abrupt to bring the keystone seventy feet above the water's edge. Here we leave the "machine" (buggy) and step upon the bridge. We walk over to the center of the span, turn to the left, and look up the stream. Our eye ranges along the valley and out to the mountain heights. Beyond them the blue over-arching sky and the sunlight soft and warm rest like a benediction.

A scene of indescribable loveliness is before me. I am speechless with delight. Just below us the noisy burn drops over the wall of rock and falls a glittering heap of sparkling gems into the river Esk. Banks of broom, covered with yellow bloom, like piles of shining gold, light up the somber shadows and relieve the banks of green. Great clumps of rhododendron shake their flower balls until they drop like fairy boats of white, red and pink into the hurrying waters.

The Esk has its head-waters in the mountains and comes tumbling down along the valley, cutting its way through the peculiar, jet-black rocks. In places it forms deep pools of inky blackness, and in other places rushes through the narrow gorge

or down the steep incline, breaking into feathery foam above its rocky bed.

Great banks of fern stoop down to kiss the laughing waters, and blue bells from their azure chalice drop nectar—fit drink for gods—upon the rocks below. Every stump, fallen tree and unsightly rock is hidden beneath a trailing mass of ivy, long sprays of which fall over the brink and play hide-and-go-seek with the wavelets far below. Yonder is a bank all aglow with yellow primroses. How pleasantly they seem to soften and harmonize everything with their warm, rich coloring !



POOLS OF INKY BLACKNESS.

We make our way by the path that leads along the river's bank, first securing a permit from the "factor" (agent) of the estate. Slowly we move along this quiet forest path. With every step there is much to enjoy and admire. At our right, the rushing river careens between its rugged walls. Here another babbling burn drops down to join the noisy Esk. Dark and gloomy "dens" (valleys) lead away toward the towering mountains. The Laird has invited art to assist nature in the beautifying of this fair valley, for this is one of his preserves and here in the season come Lord and Lady to chase the fox and drop the meek-eyed doe. Rustic benches are snugly hidden behind a wall of ivy. Whenever the river banks seem prone to break, clever

bits of masonry are interjected and over all the tangled ivy profusely grows. On, among numberless bewildering attractions, after two miles of this pleasant journeying, we come to a light and graceful suspension bridge swung across the chasm. So slight and delicate in its construction is this bridge that a trifling oscillation of the body sets the pretty piece of handiwork swinging like a hammock tossed by the wind. The Scotch call this structure the "Brig of the Loups" (Bridge of the Leaps). Forty feet below the water makes a precipitous descent of ten feet, forming a pretty and graceful cataract. The tourist standing upon the bridge, on a sunny day, may see the gamboling salmon swim to the foot of the fall and, after sporting awhile in the tossing waters, make a sudden shoot and upward leap, and hurry away into the dark waters above the fall.

Here we linger long and watch the finny tribe besport themselves. We look up, then down the stream; down to where the waters splash against the banks of broom, the sparkling drops of spray hanging from a thousand pendant blooms, gleaming like diamonds among the dusky shadows; up to the blue over-arching sky; away to where the clouds rest upon the mountains, and in it all we see a picture wondrously fair, a veritable sleepy-hollow of delight; a quiet restful spot; a place where sylvan beauty and repose, with here and there a clever touch of man's work, make a picture complete in every part.

We cross the bridge and wander on another mile to where old Donly "Tour" (tower), a grim and dismantled watch-tower, stands, a relic of the feudal days when Clan Alpine guard kept watch for the coming of the foe. What stories that old tower might tell if, stones could speak,—of guards who tramped these woods, of lusty bout and mad, wild rout where now such quiet dwells.

We sit in the shadow of this remnant of another day, while Pastor Mitchell tells the story of the proud Laids of Lindsay, who once held sway over all this region; whose vassals came and went; whose retainers, around this same old tower, had rallied and fought back advancing foes. To-day, gloomy and hidden in the deep forest, it stands to mark the passage in the world's great history when "Might was right" and "War her bloody banner swung."

We made our way by a forest path down to the quaint old stile and over to the highway beyond where James, our driver, waited for our coming. Back by the roadway, stopping at the wayside inn to again break our fast, across the Gannochy and on to Edzell Castle.

In all Scotland, with so much to interest and entertain, there is nothing to surpass in interest this remnant of what was once the stronghold of the most powerful clan of northern Scotland. This was the home of the Lairds of Lindsay, whose authority extended over the whole of the north of Scotia. They were Lord



EDZELL CASTLE.

High Sheriffs, which meant "my word is law." The old castle stands at the foot of the mountains, remote from any dwelling, and in the feudal days must have been an impregnable fortress. The court, garden and castle cover about two acres in area. The castle walls, grim and dismantled, stand just as they have stood for a thousand years and as they will doubtless stand for many years to come. The grounds, rectangular in form, are surrounded by a wall ten feet in height and four in thickness. The court and castle are the most interesting portions of the ruin. The gate-way is gone, but the grand old oaks, that throw their shadows where the strong-barred gate once stood, seem to be more in harmony with the present quiet. The gate-way opens to the west.

Along the west and south sides of the wall were the stables, and above these the rooms of the retainers. Near these was the water-trough, with broken remnants of the once ample water supply. The water was brought down from Highland springs by cunningly hidden underground passages and was turned, a never-failing supply, into the great stone basin where weary horse and wearier men might slake their thirst at will. The keep occupied the south-east angle; this was a strong tower with a dark and gloomy dungeon down below the surface; there the despairing cry of tortured victims trembled on the air and many a soul went from that deep dungeon to the great beyond. The walls of the keep are very thick and stand intact, a proof of their great strength. From the summit of this tower the guardsman watched the surrounding country and sounded the warning when beacon fires lit the hills, telling those within the castle that the outmost guard had discerned the coming of the foe and that "the car of war was blazing on the hills afar."

Along the east wall were the kitchens and above them the great banquetting hall, a room about thirty by ninety feet in size. Here mighty revel once held sway, and lords and ladies came and drank "long life to Lindsay's Laids!" Here, after some fierce foray against other clans, my Lord had been wont to celebrate his victory. Laughter loud and merry jest went round, and mailed warrior told of deeds of prowess or sung the virtues of his Highland maid.

Now over all rests a gloom and decay's heavy hand marks the swift coming of a day when not a stone shall tell of the once mighty clan.

The old castle is forty by sixty feet on the ground, sixty feet in height with walls five feet nine inches in thickness. There were once four floors, but they have long since dropped from their places. The roof is gone and one can look upward between the walls of stone, away to the blue sky beyond with not even a rafter to obstruct the view. Below are other gloomy dungeons, windowless and with no ventilation save the doorway. In the corner is the round tower enclosing the dark, narrow stone stairway which formerly led to the upper floors. The walls are perforated by six narrow windows, mere slits in the wall and all of them opening on the court or garden.

The inner walls have many openings leading to narrow windowless closets or secret hiding places. In that other day the lower floor was the great drawing-room. The upper floors were occupied as sleeping rooms. To-day the walls look grim and dark, and an air of ruinous neglect is over all; but once fair women and brave men trod these halls, and silken draperies and elegantly wrought tapestries hid these unsightly stones.

We next explore the garden where outlines of terraces and flower plats still remain and on the inner surface of the wall niches were left for pots of bloom. In the northwest angle stands the keeper's house. This is the only building belonging to the once great castle now in a habitable state.

The old lodge-keeper was born on the estate and has dwelt there well-nigh a century. He is glib, and a sixpence sets his tongue wagging. He loves to tell the story of the greatness and prowess of the mighty lords who once went in and out the castle gate.

Eleven hundred years those walls have resisted the encroachments of decay. All the pomp and splendor are gone. The Lindsays, proud and haughty race, are gone. Where once the armed knight rode his steed, the church and the school-house now mark the progress of civilization. Swallows twitter in the wide chimneys, and cawing crows look down into the dismantled drawing-rooms. Tangled ivy creeps over the walls striving to restore somewhat of their lost glory.

"HE IS RISEN!"

BY MRS. J. R. LETTS.

LO, He is risen! Earth, awake!
And bud and blossom for His sake!
Bring forth thine incense for this hour;
Show forth the resurrection power;
Prove that the winter brings no loss,
And Life, not Death, dates from the Cross.

Letts, Iowa.

A COLORADO "GRASSHOPPER."

BY CARL LOUIS KINGSBURY.



YOUNG man who had ridden his bicycle all the way from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Dodge City, Kansas, halted on the outskirts of the level prairie town last named and looked down the vista of treeless sun-baked street. The expression on his face was not that of one enraptured with the prospect. He exclaimed: "There's more suburb to the square mile than in any other town I've seen yet!" About a half-mile back he had passed a comfortable looking farm-house and, with the prompt decision acquired by a long and arduous residence in St. Paul, he resolved to return to the house and ask for accommodations for the night.

"We don't keep a tavern," the farmer's wife said when he laid his request before her, "but you c'n stay," she added, eyeing his wheel curiously, "'n' you say you have come all the way from Minnesoty on that thing! Land, I sh'd think you'd be tired! I don't b'lieve the cars could beat that!" Apparently she was under the impression that he had made the trip since sunrise, and the young man was too weary to undeceive her.

Later, as she was getting supper her husband came in. "There is another lot o' them Colorado grasshoppers campin' on th' river to-night," he remarked, after his wife had introduced him to the wheel, and, incidentally, to its owner.

"A—what?" asked the young man in some surprise.

The suburban resident of Dodge City gave a slight laugh. "Why, you know," he explained, "a spell ago when Nebraska and western Kansas was first—I aint a-goin' to say settled up, for western Kansas aint what you might call settled yit—but when they was first boomed, lots of eastern folks come out here; poor folks, mostly, that had just enough to git here, shovel out a dugout, 'n' sow a crop of wheat, 'n' for three years in succession the grasshoppers et up every green thing that durst to show its head above ground; then them folks—all that could—hitched up their skeletons of horses, chucked their pots 'n' kittles into the worn-out old wagons, huddled their weather-beated wives 'n' children in, 'n' headed the God-forsaken lookin' outfit fer the

East, 'n' when they'd come creepin' in to one o' them slick eastern towns the young smart Alicks — rigged out fit t' kill —" his eye ranged meditatively down the abbreviated length of the young man's knickerbockers — "would stan' on the sidewalks 'n' laugh 'n' say, 'Hello, here comes some more Kansas grasshoppers!' That's the way the name come, you see. Colorado's a havin' it now — though it aint grasshoppers — but the name kind o' seems to fit any westerner who's been obliged to own himself beat, 'n' go back East. Nobody *wants* to be a grasshopper," he added reflectively, "but sometimes things happens to a feller that he's jest *got* to knuckle down to."

After supper, the young man having satisfied himself that his wheel had sustained the day's travel without undue fatigue, turned to his host remarking, "Suppose we go down and have a look at those — those people from Colorado."

"All right," replied his host cheerfully, "I reckon they won't object to bein' looked at, 'n' the farther east they git the more of a circus they'll be."

When, earlier in the evening, the young man had crossed the stream on whose banks the Grasshopper and his family were encamped, he had regarded it with a careless eye, merely supposing that he was crossing some insignificant little water-course, but the Dodge City man, as they approached its thin fringe of alders and cottonwoods, referred to it respectfully as the "river."

"River!" echoed the young man from St. Paul, who had started for the Rockies determined to absorb all the information, *en route*, that he could hold. "Why do you call it a river?"

"Because it is," said the Dodge City man conclusively. "I reckon you've never lived in a narid, or semi-narid country. Out here we call any water that's got volume enough to leave a trail, a river."

If the Colorado Grasshopper and his family had had any supper it was over when the two men halted beside the wagon. The Grasshopper's wife was solicitously watching a rusty tin can, perched precariously upon the decaying embers of a fire, and the Dodge City man recognized the pungent odor arising therefrom as that of sage tea; but the young man from St. Paul speculated in vain as to the possible nature of the decoction.

A thin bay horse and a white mule, in an advanced stage of dilapidation, were mournfully searching among the grass roots in the vain hope of finding a few spears which the omnipresent herds had overlooked. The horse, an "American," who had seen better days and more abundant pasturage, pricked up his ears expectantly as he caught sight of the two strangers; but the mule, more experienced, continued his quest.

The Grasshopper was glad to see them; he welcomed them cordially, and indicated some flat rocks near the fire as desirable seats. Then he threw himself upon the ground and entered into conversation. The woman did not speak; but when, presently, the contents of the can bubbled over, sending a little shower of ashes flying upward, she removed the can and disappeared with it under the tattered wagon cover.

The Dodge City man was keenly interested in hearing of the exodus of the grasshoppers and its cause. The one from Colorado proceeded patiently to explain how it came about in his case; indeed, he could not have done otherwise than explain patiently; his whole attitude and expression, even his worn old clothes, seemed instinct with uncomplaining endurance. He was not an old man, though his shoulders were bent, and his thin, intelligent, sensitive face—rather an attractive one, the young man from St. Paul silently noted—was deeply furrowed; and his dark hair was thickly dashed with gray, not carefully elaborated, but laid on in heavy strokes, as though the process that was fitting him out with a semblance of age disdained the slow methods of time.

"It isn't altogether the shutting down of the mines," the Grasshopper said. "The mistake in regard to Colorado is primarily among her farmers. One great cause of suffering is the rigid interpretation of the land laws—enforced there just the same as in those states that have an abundant rainfall, where agriculture is an assured fact, not a doubtful experiment; you see the tide of immigration that has poured into Colorado—led on and encouraged by the railroad companies—has been so great that the state has been taxed beyond her capacity; you'll find the metropolitan papers will deny that; but it's the truth, Colorado land—plains land—does not respond to the farmer's efforts like that of some other western states, like Iowa, for instance—"

The ragged curtain at the end of the wagon box parted for an instant and the head of the Grasshopper's wife appeared. "I used to live in Iowa," she said. Her eyes shone; she looked as one might look if recalling a past residence in Paradise. Then she dropped the curtain and disappeared. The Grasshopper regarded the curtain a moment silently. It was in a lower and sadder voice that he resumed his remarks.

The young man from St. Paul had just said that he could not see for the life of him why those people need have any harder times in getting a start than the people of Iowa and Minnesota had had. "Look at the kind of winters they used to have to provide for, and the kind of houses they used to live in. It was dreadful!" he said.

"There is a difference," the Grasshopper declared. "It didn't so much matter to them that they lived in cramped quarters when their barns, cellars and potato-holes were filled to over-flowing. Ours have never been filled. And as time passed they had things comfortable about them until now an average Iowa, Minnesota, or northern Illinois farmer's house is, compared to a Colorado farmer's, as a king's palace to a swine-herder's hut."

"Then," said the young man decidedly, "it's their own fault!"

"You tell me," observed the Grasshopper, "that you are going to the Rockies to take a look at them. While you are taking that look, spend a little time in getting at the inside workings of life out there, as well as in viewing that picturesque country. Now I've been in Colorado ten years. I took up land." He hesitated a moment as though the memory of that taking up was almost too bitter to be borne.

"I'll bet you didn't find it no picnic," suggested the Kansan sympathetically.

"No," the Grasshopper confessed, sighing, "I didn't. If I had forty land claims now — instead of none, for I've used mine all up — I'd never again use one in a country where the rainfall is so scanty, or where the farmer is expected to supplement the rain by irrigation. Irrigation!" — The bitterness of hopes long delayed was in the Grasshopper's voice — "How can we irrigate without rain? And if we have rain we don't need it. Another misery

that the poor Colorado settler has to endure is the difficulty of procuring a deed to his land, wretched as it is. Swindlers and land-grabbers long ago secured most the land worth taking, and we poor settlers suffer because of the lax laws that enabled them to do it."

"I don't understand that," said the young man. "One man can procure a title to only so many acres."

"One man," returned the Grasshopper, "can hire a score of others—if he has money enough, and it don't take much—to enter claims for which he pays, through them, all preliminary fees, puts up the required improvements, breaks the required number of acres, and supports the man until the title is secured, when the catspaw sells to the speculator and, assuming another name, goes elsewhere to try the same game."

"Well, if the land is so worthless, what does the other fellow—the speculator—want of it?" persisted the young man.

"It's always in demand—especially near the water-courses—for cattle ranges. The cattleman who can show a clean government title to thousands of acres has got the cinch on the small settler; crowding him away from the water, or depriving him of the bits of land that might possibly raise a crop,—there are not many of them."

"Now my own experience wouldn't be much to tell," the Grasshopper continued modestly, "but, unfortunately, I represent a large class. I entered a preëmption claim when I first went to Colorado, and complied with all the red-tape exactions, until it came to paying the \$250 which is the equivalent for this free gift from the government. I had bad luck that year; one of my horses got locoed* on that same land, and had to be killed. I bought another and that left me so short I couldn't pay the commutation fee, and the advertising and attorney's fee; and, as the law made no provision for any delay, unavoidable or otherwise, I lost my land."

"Couldn't you sell your crop, or mortgage it, and raise the money?" asked the young man with growing interest.

"Crop!" The Grasshopper smiled bitterly. "No plains settler expects to realize anything from his *crop*. If he can raise enough

*Poisoned with loco-weed, or crazy-weed.

to feed a span of horses it's better than most of them can do. No, I left my family on the claim and went to work in Pueblo, but it was no good. I lost my improvements, too. The little board shanty and barbed wire corral wouldn't have been much of a loss to Jay Gould, but it was much to me. Next, I tried a homestead and tree-culture claim; you see I hadn't yet been in Colorado long enough to know that one might just as well blast holes in granite rock, chuck in the seeds, or the little trees, and expect them to germinate and grow, as to expect them to on those dry plains. I was, like hundreds of others, eager for land. I planted and dug and sweat, early and late, and got rows and rows of little trees stuck out; I pulled them up in the mountains,—a good two days' travel from my claim. Think of it! I spent weeks in transplanting those trees from the cool, moist ravines of the mountains, to the hot dry plains, and I expected them to live; otherwise, how could I get a title to the land? O, the fools will not all be gone when I'm dead! There were scores of other men who did the same; we thought irrigation would save the trees. We expected to be able to irrigate—sometime. The law expressly stipulates that so many trees, of such and such dimensions, shall be living when one makes application for a deed. When the time came for my application, every tree was as dead as a door-nail."

"Well, there's reservoirs," urged the young Minnesotian, with a touch of impatience, "a man told me that every claim could have an abundance of water by simply constructing a reservoir."

"Did he tell you how to simply construct a reservoir?" asked the Grasshopper with gentle irony. "The man who told you that such a thing was possible on every claim, was feeding you chunks."

"Big chunks," the Dodge City man echoed warmly.

"Where was the water to come from?"

"From the surplus rainfall, of course," the young man answered.

"Surplus rainfall!" echoed the Grasshopper indignantly. "It isn't right for real estate agents to beguile men out west with any such stuff as that! There *is* no surplus rainfall; and even if there was, when the dry time comes and the water is needed, it has all been evaporated. The hot dry air of the plains will lick up the contents of a large reservoir in a couple of weeks. The only

irrigation possible is from the mountain snows and that can't be depended on, for a hot spell early in the season may bring nearly all the snow down at once, when it will be a curse instead of a blessing. I tried making a reservoir on my homestead claim; I put in three solid weeks working at it, and thought I'd got it as strong as the moral law, and when the water did come sweeping down from heavy rains on the mountains, it took my dam out as clean and as easy as if it had been made of so much sugar. It's hard to check a mountain torrent. Three of my neighbors had an exactly similar experience. You die without water, and you can't keep it when it does come. Look at the way the Arkansas has wiped out Pueblo. I helped build that riprapping and the levee along the north side, and I know it was strong, yet when the Arkansas got on a tear she brushed it aside as you might a teasing fly."

"I learned a good deal about this tree-culture act," the Grasshopper continued reflectively, "and it's a damnable blunder, size it up any way you will. One of my neighbors, a man with a large family, entered an eighty under this act; the law says that there shall not be upon the land so taken, trees of such a girth or of such a height, in such or such numbers. It happened that in one corner of this eighty there stood a patch of dwarf, or jack oaks. Another man, zealous in behalf of the government, went out with a tape-line, measured the jacks and found that they exceeded the prescribed limit and reported the fact to the land agent, who promptly canceled the claim, though he knew, or ought to have known, that the jacks might stand there for a thousand years and they would never be anything but scrubby, exasperating jacks. You may think that the law can't stop to take cognizance of a little thing like that. It stops to make inquiry for the claimant's cat and dog, and to cast a calculating eye over his kitchen and poultry yard. The theory in regard to taking up land is all right, but the practice is different. The practical question is not, 'Can we honestly give this man a title to his land?' but 'Can we find some omission on his part, through which we may refuse it, and reap a further harvest of fees?' I tried hard to raise something on my homestead."



THE COLORADO "GRASSHOPPER."

"His whole attitude and expression, even his worn old clothes, seemed instinct with uncomplaining endurance. He was not an old man, though his shoulders were bent, and his thin, intelligent face—rather an attractive one, the young man from St. Paul silently noted—was deeply furrowed; and his dark hair was thickly dashed with gray, not carefully elaborated, but laid on in heavy streaks, as though the process that was fitting him out with a semblance of age, disdained the slow methods of time."

"One year I planted corn — say!" the Grasshopper exclaimed with a sudden animated change of tone — "What's the matter with the corn blossom — maize — for the national flower? There isn't a thing growing on the green earth that's got more sand to it's inches than a corn stalk. Take it in Illinois or Iowa and it'll grow so tall you have to get up on a step-ladder to reach the ears. But you ought to have seen my corn on Bogg's flat, twelve miles southwest of Pueblo! When I used to look at it I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Ever been up on the mountains, close to timber line, and seen those little oak trees, perfect mature trees, loaded with acorns, some of them not more than ten inches high?"

He looked inquiringly at the Dodge City man, who nodded affirmatively. "Well, that was my corn; little stalks not much over a foot high loaded with tiny half-filled ears, and rustling their dry leaves as bravely as any royal corn-field of the rain belt. I was sorry for myself, but it did give me a kind of respect for the pluck of the corn. Year after year I used to swallow the same old real estate agent lies about this being an exceptionally dry season, and, after I'd stuck out the few seeds that I'd raised money enough to buy of the Pueblo seedsman — who had them shipped in from the east — I'd go down town and work for food for my family. But I had to sleep on my claim as often as once in two weeks or my title would lapse, and my wife had to be there all the time. She and the children used to keep the half-starved horses moving with the water barrels while I was gone, and what time there was left they spent in catching grasshoppers to feed the poultry, or, when the grass was all burned up, they'd build a fire of sage-brush and bayonet roots and scorch the thorns off of prickly pear cactus so that the cattle could eat the leaves. Cactus, you know, will grow when everything else fails, and Mollie and little Ben used to cut the plants off with a scythe, pick them up with a pitch-fork, and toss them on the fire. When the thorns are off the cattle eat them greedily, and a hungry steer won't wait long for a cactus to cool, either. I've known them to eat 'em thorns and all, but they don't often need another meal."

"My wife used to kind o' stay her soul with thoughts of the time to come when we'd have a title to our land and she could go

to the mountains and sit under the shadow of a real tree. Well, we've got the title, and we're in search of the tree, but not in the mountains."

"I shouldn't think you'd like to go back east," said the young man from St. Paul, with an attempt at lightness.

"I don't," returned the grasshopper. "None of us do. The east don't want us. We're poor relations. But what can we do? I've abandoned my poor home, such as it was. We were starving. I wouldn't have left if there had been anything for me to do, but there was no longer any work. It's hard to go back, harder than having lost an arid claim, but there are hundreds of us—hundreds. The farmers are nearly all Americans, too, venturesome, young, or middle-aged men, who left comfortable homes in the east or middle-west to found new homes in the west. There are few foreigners among the farmers; the foreigners who are able to buy land—like so many Germans—are too thrifty to try western experiments; they settle in the rich corn and wheat belt and gradually crowd out the Americans."

"You know," said the young man, "that land in those states is very high now. My uncle in Iowa was offered \$100 an acre for his farm not long ago, but he wouldn't sell, and his is not an unusually good one, either."

"Oh, I never expect to own a farm in a state where it's worth having," said the Grasshopper patiently, "but perhaps I'll get a chance to work for some thrifty Dutchman."

"Well, it's darned hard lines," the Dodge City man said soberly.

In the silence that followed a child's voice, raised in mild remonstrance, made itself heard from under the wagon cover.

"I don't want to take it, mama, it's so bitter!" "It will do you good, dear," urged the mother's voice. "Come, take it like a little man." The wagon sheet was lifted again, and a child's head appeared in the opening; the face was thin, and the eyes were—the young man mentally decided—the largest and darkest he had ever seen. "Papa!" the boy exclaimed plaintively, "I do hate sage tea!"

"I know it isn't very good," the Grasshopper gently admitted, "but you'd better take it; the bitter only lasts a minute, and the good effect stays, see."

"We've had a good deal of sage tea," he explained to his guests.

The boy turned back without a word. Evidently he swallowed the dose, for an instant after he was heard proclaiming earnestly, "Now *that's* enough, mamma, *that's enough!*" He scrambled out of the wagon and hurried to his father's side, apparently afraid his mother's propensity for dealing out sage tea might prove uncontrollable.

"Your little boy don't look over 'n' above strong," remarked the Dodge City man. "Is he sick?"

"No, oh no! not sick," the Grasshopper said, putting an arm about the child who nestled close to his side. "But the journey's kind o' hard on him. "You don't feel sick, do you Benny?" he asked anxiously.

"No," replied the boy cheerfully, "I'm all right." He looked at the strangers, a smile beginning to curve his wan little mouth. "Say," he suddenly observed, unable to longer keep back his good news, "when my mamma was a girl she lived in a place where apples grew on the trees; — the trees all red — red and yellow, with 'em!" He hurried to the wagon and called on his mother for corroboration. Fearful that the strangers might discredit a tale so marvelous, "Mama, didn't you say red and yellow with 'em?"

"Yes, dear."

"There!" exclaimed little Ben with sparkling eyes. "Now you see! 'N' we're a goin' back there to that place now."

"Is he your only child?" asked the Dodge City man gently.

"Yes," was the low response. "We had a little girl, but she died — she died." There was a desolate note in the Grasshopper's voice that had not been there before; and his wife, who had returned from the wagon, and was sitting on a log near by, fixed her eyes on the golden pathway leading to the sunset. Perhaps she fancied that she saw the outlines of a tiny grave far back across those weary miles of travel. The young man from St. Paul looked at her, and was conscious of a vague resentment. Little children were always dying; it was a part of the hard experience of life, and people ought not to grieve; they ought to cultivate a spirit of resignation. That was the way he felt about it, for he

had not yet learned, or even guessed, the meaning of the word heart-hunger.

A gaunt, long-limbed hound, so nearly the color of the ground on which he had been lying that the two men had not seen him before, now arose and, walking sedately to his master, laid his head upon the Grasshopper's knee and looked wistfully into his face. The Grasshopper laid his hand affectionately on the hound's head. "Poor Don!" he said, "you're tired, aint you?" The greyhound waved his long tail solemnly; his yellow eyes shone in the gathering dusk.

"That's a fine hound," said the young man, approvingly. "My brother's got one of the same breed."

"Yes," assented the Grasshopper, "he is a fine hound; he's looking kind o' rough just now; we haven't had much to feed him, and he has no chance to rustle while we're on the road. A man in Colorado offered to take him, and he'd 'a' had a good home, too, but I knew he'd rather starve with us than be a stalled prodigal with any one else; he's had a fair shake at the starving. I'm sorry, Don," he concluded apologetically.

The hound turned and walked majestically back to his bed under the wagon. His manner implied a gentlemanly protest against his master's words.

The Dodge City man arose and stretched himself, yawning. "Time to be a-getting back." He added: "Say, you turn them horses into that pasture there to-night; it's mine. There's the gate right nigh that cottonwood; it's mighty poor pickin' round here."

The Grasshopper thanked him warmly.

"Oh, that's all right," was the answer. "I've been a Gra—I've known what 'tis to have to rustle myself.

They had walked half the distance back to the farm-house before the young man spoke. He suddenly exclaimed: "Confound it! I wish that dog had something to eat."

"Well, it's rough," assented his companion. "Did ye notice the boy? Eyes as big as sassers, wa'n't they?"

When they entered the house the young man astonished his hostess by asking her if she would sell him what was left of the roast they had had for supper.

"The land!" she ejaculated in dismay. "Why, if you're hungry"—

"He wants it for that Colorado feller's dog," explained her husband. "Let 'im have it, an' you might put some bread 'n' truck into the basket fer the folks; they look like they'd had a hard time; you ought t' see the little boy's eyes; big as sassers!"

The woman firmly and rather scornfully refused the half-dollar the young man proffered her in payment for the meat. "I guess I aint too stingy to be willin' t' give a meal to a dog!" she declared; "But it does beat all how some folks 'll keep a worthless cur a trailin' 'round after 'em when they can't git enough t' eat themselves."

"Worthless cur!" echoed the young man indignantly. "It's a greyhound!"

"Oh, well, it's all the same; a dog's jest a dog, 'cordin' t' my way o' thinkin' an' they's all worthless."

The campers had retired into the fastness of the wagon when the young man again approached the camp, and the greyhound's menacing growl aroused the Grasshopper. "Hello!" he called.

"Hello," responded the young man. "I hope you'll excuse me—I told you my brother had a greyhound—I've brought Don's supper."

A slender, calloused hand was thrust out from under the wagon cover. "I thank you," the Grasshopper said huskily. "Some folks think it's kind o' foolish to care for a dog, but Don has been with us through thick and thin; he knows how it is with us, and I kind o' love him; it has hurt me to have him go hungry, same's it would if he was a child."

"I'll leave the basket," the young man said discreetly. "Good-night."

Before leaving the next morning he thought he would go down and have another look at what the Dodge City man classified as "the Colorado outfit," but, early as it was, he found only an empty basket hanging conspicuously on the gate-post, the Grasshoppers had already resumed their slow migration eastward.

A FAR-REACHING CHARITY. I.

By B. F. TILLINGHAST.

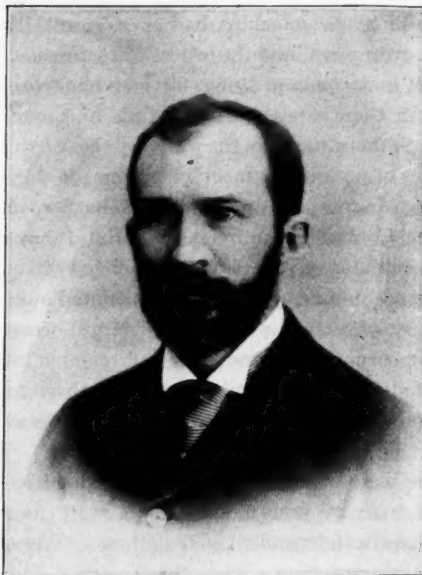
SECRETARY OF THE IOWA RUSSIAN FAMINE RELIEF COMMISSION.

DURING the early months of the year 1892 five steamships, loaded with grain, flour, provisions and hospital stores, departed from two eastern cities for Russian ports on the Baltic Sea. This fleet of ships had no admiral, its course was shaped by no government, and the orders were unsealed and open to the world. It is a common thing for merchant vessels to steam and sail with their cargoes of food-stuffs and merchandise from the United States almost to the ends of the earth. It is not rare for the navies of nations to meet in review, as they met last May at Fortress Monroe and in New York harbor, in glorious celebration of the Columbian anniversary. But I have read of no instance where millions of people, without official direction or support, subscribed money, gave of their abundance, sometimes from their very poverty, and chartered large ocean freighters; where carrying corporations and telegraph companies vied with the people in sending supplies and substantial cheer to other and unknown millions suffering and dying from wide-spread famine.

The times of departure were well ordered, although this happened by accident rather than by design, since there were four centers of movement, each quite independent of the others. These were in Iowa, Minnesota, Pennsylvania and New York. The steamship *Indiana*, loaded at Philadelphia, got away first, on February 20th. The *Missouri*, carrying flour and corn-meal from the northwestern states, left New York March 15th; the *Conemaugh* of Philadelphia, with flour, followed April 23d; the *Tynehead*, with a cargo almost exclusively from Iowa, was the fourth, leaving New York May 2d; and the *Leo* with stores of flour, largely due to the work of the *Christian Herald* and its editor, Dr. Talmage, was the fifth and last, on June 11th. If there be added to the articles shown by the manifests of these vessels the various sums of money sent to Russia from America through the American legation at St. Petersburg and other channels, approximately

\$200,000, the value of the aggregate gifts delivered must exceed \$1,000,000. This munificent amount is, however, unimportant when compared with the more than generous spirit which made its realization possible.

This question has been asked, "Would the people of the United States have responded as liberally if the cry of distress had come from Germany, from France, from Spain, or from England?"



B. F. TILLINGHAST.

Secretary of the Iowa Russian Famine Relief Committee.

The answer must be qualified. In no one of these countries is it presumably possible for a famine to seriously affect from thirty to thirty-five million human beings, and these are the figures which investigators have given as within the actual extent. It is something frightful; not easy of comprehension. If half the population of our states and territories were in dire want of bread, the ghastliness of the Russian famine of 1891 and 1892 would

come nearer home. The impulse of Americans is to be thoughtful of others while never neglectful of the indigent who are always with us. I believe that the charities sent across the ocean in 1892 did not lessen by a single dollar the benevolences in this country. Germany, France, Spain, England, or other nations, will always find friends and help in America when calamity comes to them so great that they are unable to bear it alone.

But it must be confessed that with many in the northern states the sentiment of gratitude to Russia quickened the promptings of pure charity. They could not forget the friendly offices of the

Emperor Nicholas in 1838, when there was much excitement in the United States and strong feeling against Great Britain. Nor could they be mindless of the fact that in the dark days of the civil war, when Louis Napoleon had invited Russia, as he had England, to unite with him in demanding the breaking of the blockade, the czar of Russia sent his men-of-war to New York and San Francisco. These battle ships remained for months with sealed orders. Their mission became a record of history later when it was learned upon authority of Prince Gortschakoff that an order was written by Alexander's own hand, directing his admiral to report to President Lincoln for orders in case England or France gave undisguised support to the confederates.

Of one thing there is certainty: no mercenary or even commercial consideration was thought of by any person who gave money, corn or other contribution to the famishing peasants of Russia.

The real inception of the work of relief I am unable to determine. It has never been considered of the least consequence except that the fruit cannot be plucked without the seed having first been planted. Observant readers knew in the summer of 1891 the crops had failed over a large area of European Russia. They had learned of former partial failures making this later one more grave, and every account during the fall of that year intensified the situation. The territory of the famine was so distant, the



CLARA BARTON.

"The American National Red Cross was known, and its honored President, Miss Clara Barton, who has never failed to hear and to answer the appeals of stricken humanity, in war, pestilence, fire, flood and famine, was the one unquestioned recourse."

communication was so slow, the reports were so conflicting, that the horrible truth did not come out for months. One of the first to commend the sending of relief was Miss Frances E. Willard. In her annual report as president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, read in Boston, November 13th, Miss Willard presented her appeal for a Thanksgiving collection in the churches. She held that to succor the starving poor in Russia would be an act pleasing to God and helpful to the holy cause of human brotherhood. Among other words of Miss Willard's report were these: "The rich and great in Russia are enjoying the beatitude of unwonted self-denial that they may help their helpless brethren." Two hundred dollars was at that time raised by collection among the delegates to the convention. This sum was sent to Countess Tolstoi, at Toula. It was, so far as I have been able to learn, the first remittance made through public notice. But about that time others were privately talking and thinking. Among them were some Iowa women and men of warm heart, bright mind, and quiet deed. I chanced to know of Miss Alice French, the "Octave Thanet" of literature; Mrs. Nathaniel French, Rev. Arthur M. Judy, pastor of the Unitarian church; Col. George W. French, and others of Davenport. W. C. Edgar, editor of the Northwestern Miller, Minneapolis, had suggested a ship-load of flour to be given by the millers of the northwest. In its issue of December 6th, the Davenport Democrat urged that the relief work be broadened, systematized and hastened.

But how could the movement be organized and conducted to a satisfactory issue? There was the rub. For, to paraphrase Hamlet, what doubts and difficulties might arise when the undertaking had been well begun? In the event that offerings should get to Russia, what then? To accept the version George Kennan had insistently spread by newspaper, magazine, book and public address, Russian officials would confiscate the supplies, burn the ships that transported them, and send to Siberia any Americans with the temerity to go and proffer the food. More seriously, would Russia accept, in the spirit in which they were tendered, the weighty evidences of good will? Would she assume their distribution and guarantee American commissioners, practically self-appointed, the required facilities for learning of her extremity,

and permit them to send back uncolored accounts of all that they saw? All this Russia did and far more. No nation could receive relief more gratefully, dispatch it to the impoverished districts with less delay, or extend official authority and means more unreservedly. Fortunately this is not a matter of opinion but one of eye-witnesses and documentary proof.

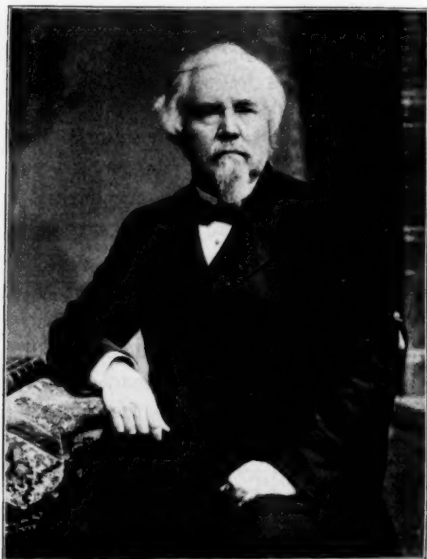
When it came to deciding upon the agency through which Iowa's gift, without loss on the one hand or increase of expense on the other, should reach the end in view, there was not one minute's doubt. The American National Red Cross was known, and its honored president, Miss Clara Barton, who has never failed to hear and to answer the appeals of stricken humanity in war, pestilence, fire, flood, and famine, was the one unquestioned recourse. Miss Barton had informed herself of the suffering in the Russian provinces, and she had anticipated the outpouring of American relief. With a woman's tact, a diplomat's art, and a benefactor's forethought she had called upon Hon. James G. Blaine, then secretary of state, and also upon Mr. Alexander Gregor, Russian charge d'affaires, at Washington. In brief, the way was not only opened, but paved. Russia would thankfully accept any relief tendered; and, more, she would send her ships to New York or charter American vessels to convey the gift to her own ports, from which the imperial railroads, boats, and other conveyances would carry it to the scenes of destitution. That Russia should come to our shores like a mendicant was repulsive and not to be thought of. What others might do was for them to determine; but, as for the Red Cross and Iowa, they would deliver the relief they gave.

This was the nearest approach to governmental aid received at any time. The Red Cross is an organization acting under the Geneva treaty, the provisions for which were made in the international convention at Geneva, Switzerland, August 22, 1864, and since signed by nearly all civilized nations, including the United States, which gave its adhesion by act of congress March 1, 1882. This treaty was ratified by the congress of Berne, January 9, 1882. It was proclaimed by President Arthur, July 26, 1882. Coöperating with this society the Iowa workers carried a shield which was a defense against any who might be misinformed or skeptically disposed.

The next point considered was that of assembling the charity of Iowa in whatever form it might take, and of moving it to the seaboard without a cost for that service making the relief movement well-nigh impossible ; at least so cutting it down as to diminish its power for saving lives to the extent desired. At this stage Hon. W. I. Buchanan*, chief of the department of agriculture of the World's Columbian Exposition, and now minister to the

Argentine Republic, an Iowaman of boundless energy, gave valuable assistance. There was reason to believe that the railroads of Iowa and the eastern trunk-lines would stamp as a libel the common saying that corporations are soulless.

With the tangible evidences thus gathered, a Sunday conference was held with Governor Boies at his home in Waterloo. Colonel French was one of the gentlemen present. There were submitted to the gov-



COL. CHARLES J. MURPHY.

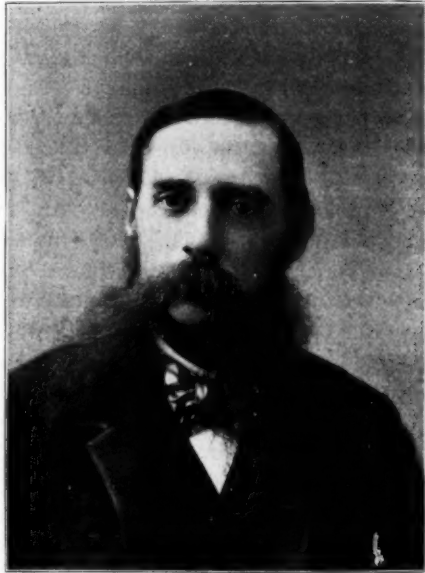
"The scoffers against corn were put to ignoble rout by a letter from Colonel Charles J. Murphy, Special Agent in Europe of the Agricultural Department."

ernor letters from Miss Barton showing beyond cavil that the step to be taken was one from which difficulty had been removed. Some days earlier a dispatch from the Red Cross president, couched in these words, had been laid before the governor: "I have the fullest assurance of the Russian legation that the gift of America will be gratefully received, both by their famine-stricken people and the government. It will extend every courtesy to our agent who will accompany the distribution."

*Mr. Buchanan's portrait appears in the March Midland.—Ed.

Governor Boies entered quickly and cordially into the proposed relief work. Personally and officially he extended every aid within his power. Had it not been for his illness confining him to his home a proclamation would have been issued earlier. That it was the second was due to no omission of his.

The Iowa Russian Famine Relief Commission, as named by Governor Boies, was composed of B. F. Tillinghast, Davenport; H. C. Wheeler, Odebolt; J. J. Fleming, Burlington; S. H. Mallory, Chariton; William Larrabee, Clermont; A. Slimmer, Waverly; J. G. Hutchison, Ottumwa; Very Rev. T. M. Lenihan, Fort Dodge; John Hayes, Red Oak; W. W. Witmer, Des Moines; and C. J. Ives, Cedar Rapids,—a member for each congressional district. In his letter of notification Governor Boies urged that a meeting be held at the Capitol in Des Moines, December 29th, "to perfect



J. B. HUBBELL.

"The General Field Agent of the Red Cross Society had started for Russia, April 9th, to arrange for the distribution of the grain."

plans for the organization of sub-committees in the several counties of the state and to inaugurate the work of collecting and forwarding supplies at once." Those finding it impossible to accept the appointment were requested to designate substitutes. Ex-Governor Larrabee could not be present but sent as his substitute a check for \$100. Hon. S. H. Mallory responded in a like encouraging way, and all others were in sympathy with the movement. Hon. S. L. Dows took the place of Mr. Ives, and later Alexander Charles succeeded Mr. Dows. Hon. Albert W. Swalm,

of Oskaloosa, became the member for the sixth district; Mayor W. B. Barger of Chariton for the eighth, and Hon. B. F. Clayton of Macedonia, for the ninth. Father Lenihan, after earnest effort until February 23d, was called abroad, and assigned his post to Hon. M. D. O'Connell of Fort Dodge. Several meetings were held by the committee and every detail of the campaign was revolved over and over again. Hon. H. C. Wheeler was chosen president and Hon. Byron A. Beeson, treasurer.

A serious problem was, What to do? Another was, How to do it? There was no light of experience to guide. Minnesota was gathering flour for the Russian peasants. At that time the eastern states had not awakened to activity. Why not send corn? several asked. Iowa had, the year of the famine, produced its largest crop, 335,031,598 bushels, valued at \$100,509,479. One queried, "What do Russians know about corn?" Another referred to the Irish famine of 1847 when, as has been written, "The wretches died too fast for burial," and when, also, Indian corn from America, improperly cooked, was tried because there were no potatoes. Others held that corn in the unbroken kernel would be fit only for horses. If ground into meal, it would heat and spoil on the long ocean voyage. Later in the work the most trying hour came. A hundred thousand bushels of corn had been pledged and thousands of dollars had been converted into that grain. From unexpected, let us trust not from unfriendly sources, came the forebodings that it would be waste of raw material to send maize. But the decision had been made after the most searching investigation. Some knew that a dollar in corn is worth two dollars in wheat, and that as a food for cold climates corn is most valuable, being rich in fatty and starchy matter, two heat-giving elements. The scoffers against corn were all put to ignoble rout by a letter from Colonel Charles J. Murphy, special agent in Europe of the agricultural department. For years he had studied corn and successfully introduced it as a food in Germany, France and other countries. Colonel Murphy, by permission of Hon. J. M. Rusk, then secretary of agriculture, went to St. Petersburg on his mission of education. He wrote:

"I hope that the Iowa cargo coming by the steamship *Tynthead* is in the grain, as they have plenty of local windmills where the corn can be freshly ground, which will contain all the oil or fat matter, which is just what these poor, emaciated and famished creatures will need."

Corn, "God's gift to the New World's great need"; corn, Columbia's best emblem; corn, America's leading crop; corn, Iowa's unfailing staff,—golden corn was our gift to Russia, and it was more acceptable than silver.

Organization was pushed from the eleventh congressional district into the ninety-nine counties, and from many of the counties into the townships and school districts. Volunteers were eager for enrollment and the prospects were auspicious. But, after all, it was only half a beginning, and it is Iowa's way to move in a grand cause in locked ranks and solid front. The women of the state had no distinctive corps, and Miss French thought they should have one. To think, with her, is to act, and to act is to accomplish. Her always busy and facile pen was turned from romance to reality. With unwavering zeal she wrote, spoke, traveled, and appealed; not for days but for months. She had drawn no character so true as her own, so animating, so inspiring, so fixed in purpose and so intense in execution.

January 27, 1892, Governor Boies appointed the Iowa Woman's Auxiliary to the Red Cross, the use of the name having been sanctioned by Miss Barton. Mrs. William Larrabee, of Clermont, was designated as president; Miss Alice French, of Davenport, secretary, and the following members for the different districts: First, Mrs. M. J. Ketcham, Mt. Pleasant; second, Mrs. Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer, Iowa City; third, Mrs. Matt. Parrott, Waterloo; fourth, Mrs. N. C. Deering, Osage; fifth, Mrs. W. P. Brady, Cedar Rapids; sixth, Mrs. Perry Engle, Newton; seventh, Mrs. Ella Hamilton Durley, Des Moines; eighth, Mrs. J. B. Harsh, Creston; ninth, Mrs. Julian Phelps, Atlantic; tenth, Mrs. John F. Duncombe, Fort Dodge; eleventh, Miss Lucy Patterson, Sioux City. Some additions were necessitated. Mrs. John T. Stoneman, of Cedar Rapids, and Mrs. A. W. Swalm, of Oskaloosa, were the principal ones. Miss French appeared in the double role of secretary and evangelist. In Iowa City, Des Moines, Muscatine, Burlington, Mt. Pleasant, Clinton, Dubuque and Sioux City, she addressed gatherings of women in hotels, private parlors, and club-rooms. She told the story of the famine out of her full information, and those who listened were convinced of the righteousness of the cause and of the terrors of the peasant

victims. In their different local fields other women found themselves possessed of talents which were not buried but put to work. The people of Iowa became aroused because they had learned the awful truth. Their response was characteristic.

Iowa's state-wide activity had visible influence outside her own borders. A copy of the proclamation, or appeal, of Governor Boies to the people of this commonwealth, was mailed, as soon as it could be printed in regular form, to the executive of every state in the union. Other governors, among them those of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Ohio, and Indiana, joined in the effort to nationalize, or, perhaps better, popularize the plan of relief. A literary bureau was called into action, and the press of the country was made acquainted with the movement, also with trustworthy intelligence received from the American legation in Russia and elsewhere in that empire.

It may well be doubted if so many agencies in Iowa were ever before united in one purpose, and that for no personal or common gain. To attempt enumeration is to fail in some respects, and to assign order of prominence is hopeless. The daily, weekly and monthly press opened its pages without restraint or charge in a single instance. Appeals, circulars, letters, directions and orders were issued by the score. They were published and in this way the workers were always kept in touch with each other. The churches made it a seven-day campaign, where no Sunday papers were printed. Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, were in accord, and it seemed as if the Brotherhood of Man embraced all. The Sunday-schools, the private schools, even the kindergartens, were together. The railroads offered not only their cars, but their trains; for corn moved out of Iowa literally by the train-load. Where it was hinted that reduced fares would further the work passes came in blocks, and when the bottom fell out of the wagon roads because of the heavy rains and the disappearing frost and snow, the railroads extended the sixty-day limit of free transportation for another month. Postage stamps were getting expensive, and so correspondence was entrusted to the telegraph wires and packages to the express companies, books of franks having been tendered, thereby saving precious time and hundreds of dollars.

The incidents springing out of the five months' relief work were many, and in their turn were amusing, ludicrous, pathetic, affecting, exasperating and grotesque. Some illustrations may be grouped. One brave German-American veteran, in whose leg is imbedded a bullet received at the battle of Wilson's Creek, wanted to contribute, and did so, but he feared that the supplies would go as rations to the Russian army and not to the famine sufferers. In Kossuth county, a dying woman was much moved by the reports from the starving peasants. On the evening before her death she requested that her funeral be simple and inexpensive in order that something might be left for the famine fund. The amount was ten dollars. Children begged of their parents the privilege of doing little jobs of work for pay, and the returns were considerable. In a river county a pious deacon was in charge of the home organization. He was conscientiously opposed to dancing, but the young ladies wanted to dance for charity, and they did—the good churchman agreeing that the end sometimes justifies the means. A rigid economist computed the amount spent for beer and tobacco in his town, and moralized in a letter on how much food it would buy. That was his donation. An over-cautious citizen at a late hour asked for assurance that a famine really existed in the valley of the Volga. From Michigan came a strange epistle recommending that a day of fasting be observed in Iowa and the hours devoted to prayer for the souls of the peasants. Bishop Perry, having been called out of the state, wrote an appeal to his congregations in an unconventional way. He used a scrap of newspaper with his knee for his desk, while in a railway coach.

Numerous and varied were the ways devised for raising money. In Davenport the comic opera "Mikado" was given, and \$600 added to the \$2,500 before subscribed. To see a staid school principal personating "Ko-Ko" was a cure for the worst case of depression. In Cedar Rapids the W. J. Florence Club presented "Everybody's Friend." In Ottumwa a musical entertainment crowded the opera-house, to which not a single complimentary ticket was issued. At the State University a mock national political convention was held, all the receipts going to the Russians. George Kennan, who was lecturing in Iowa, forwarded his check

for \$100. "To aid in the humane work that the Red Cross is doing for the relief of the famine-stricken people of Russia; and I wish you God-speed," he wrote. In one place the lawyers and the doctors met in a spelling contest for money. There were Russian teas and peasant receptions. And so in almost countless ways money materialized.

It was deemed best not to send any money abroad. There were two reasons. Its value in food bought here would be greatly increased. Free carriage to the interior of Russia was promised, thus adding a three-fold power to every dollar. It was also wisely determined to convert all money advanced into shelled corn, if possible in the locality where the money was given. Farmers could furnish grain often with less trouble than cash.

The first cars of corn were shipped the second week in February; the last cars on the 1st of April. In all two hundred and twenty-five car loads, exceeding five hundred bushels each, were sent out of Iowa. A few of them contained flour. The work of shelling, loading, and clerical care required in billing was not small. Particular attention was paid to the grade and condition of the grain put into every car, since damp corn would grow more damp on the way. Attached to either side of every car was a large placard with a red cross made conspicuous. This was a talisman everywhere. All cars were consigned to Miss Barton in New York, and all reached her agents there without accident.

This far-reaching charity of Iowa was supplemented and rounded continuously. Transported to the metropolis without charge, as it had been gathered without payment for any personal or other attention, it was unloaded, inspected, stored in elevators, and insured, without expense. The agent of the Iowa Russian Famine Commission, upon arriving in New York to formally present Iowa's gift to the Red Cross, was asked to supervise the loading of the steamship *Tynehead*, to pay for the charter and insurance of the cargo. He was handed a power of attorney and a check for \$20,000 on the Chemical Bank of New York, both drawn by Miss Barton. This money was raised in part by the people of Washington, the children of the White House giving of their earnings. The steam-ship agents gave their commission, \$212; the freight brokers did likewise in the amount of

\$156; the insurance brokers tendered their services; and the insurance companies, for the most part, contributed their premiums. The value placed on the cargo and charter was \$83,500. The cost of the charter was \$12,651.62.

The loading of the Tynehead required several days, the weather being rainy, and pains being taken to keep the grain dry. Monday, May 2d, the hatches were closed and sealed. The custom-house papers had been procured; the surveyor of the board of underwriters had allowed the last pound of freight consistent with safety; the captain's papers had been signed specifying Riga as the Russian port of entry; glasses had been touched in the cabin; and the last scene remained to be enacted. It was the most impressive of all. From the point of the bow-sprit to the top-masts, down to the stern-staff, and between the masts ran lines of fluttering flags and banners. These emblems—the American national flag highest, and the Red Cross banners and Russian standard conspicuous—were all made by the ladies of Washington, members of the Red Cross Auxiliary. They were carried to their lofty positions, these symbols of sovereignty and international charity, by the crew of the Tynehead—Englishmen, Danes and Portuguese—every man evidently proud of the part he played. Rockets for use at night, and specially designed to signalize the mission of mercy on which the Tynehead speeded, were donated by the manufacturer. The last request made of Captain Carr was that his decorated ship sail into Russian waters as she left New York harbor. In truth it was so nominated in the bond.

At ten o'clock Captain Carr summoned his officers and crew to the quarter-deck. The bronzed, weather-beaten men were formed in a half-circle, their heads bared. About the docks stood men, women and visitors by the hundreds, interested spectators; for the daily papers had announced the time of the Tynehead's departure. There were some parting words, the main address being delivered by Miss Barton. She said the tributes of America to Russia in her hour of temporary woe were not to be counted as gifts, for they had been richly earned; not even accounted as loans, for they had been anticipated a hundred-fold in an hour of our own peril,—far greater than, God grant, Russia may ever know! They were not even the principal of a great national debt, but a tithe of

the interest long due and joyously acknowledged ; acknowledged there under the triple shadow of the great flags floating above — England, Russia and America — blending in their mighty folds the finest, purest attributes of God's holy gifts to man — peace, love and charity. Captain Carr, a brave man, a Briton, who has been tossed by the waves from the Indian Ocean to the Bay of Fundy, was for a moment speechless. The hardy sailors about him bowed and their eyes moistened. There was not a man on that ship who had ever before been charged with the delivery of such a cargo. They were conscious of it and they would have fought for its protection as for their lives. A tug hauled the ship out into the river at high tide. She was greeted by saluting whistles of passing ferries, yachts and steamers, by waving flags, and cheers from thousands. The Tynehead was headed for the long voyage to the Gulf of Riga, in the Baltic Sea.

Dr. J. B. Hubbell, the general field agent of the Red Cross Society, had started for Russia April 9th, to arrange for the distribution of the grain. How faithfully he discharged that duty, and how generously and gratefully the imperial government received Iowa's gift of corn to its starving subjects, will be told in the next number of *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY*.

A WIFE'S TOKENS.

BY ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

You loved a maid, when Love was king,
And gave two kisses, and a ring —
 An opal's lambent flame ;
Months later, with the golden band
You slipped, in church, upon this hand,
 Went honor, home and name.

Through constant years, these pledges twain —
The jeweled circlet and the plain —
 On wedded hand have shone ;
Symbol of passion — Duty's sign —
Both dear, since in this heart of mine
 Duty and Love are one.

St. Paul, Minnesota.

CHRISTMAS IN MALAGA.

BY CHARLES SUMNER JACOBS.



THE cathedral chimes in Malaga had just pealed the hour of midnight, when I went forth from the Circulo Mercantil, the elegant Spanish club which occupies half a block on the beautiful Calle Marques de Larios.

I had grown weary of the continual buzz of conversation, as the Spanish officers and business men, grouped around their bamboo coffee tables, smoked their cigarettes and gossiped about dynamite, anarchists and affairs in Africa.

As I stepped out into the night I questioned myself whether or not this could be Christmas eve! There was a glorious full moon rising above the cathedral tower, and the absence of the usual wintry blast to which I am accustomed, and in its stead a warm Mediterranean breeze, put the doubt into my mind.

People dressed in black are flocking to the cathedral to celebrate mass. The city, fair as day in the light of the moon, has begun its feasting. The turkey farmers are slowly driving the remainder of their flocks homeward. Beggars, each exhibiting some peculiar deformity — double thumbs are the rule — praise your appearance and famed generosity, and ask for just one *centimos*.

I stroll leisurely down by the harbor and take the fashionable promenade *a la Caleta* and the bull-ring. All is quiet here. Not a ripple murmurs over that strangely beautiful body of water, the Mediterranean Sea. A few pale lights glimmer among the sleeping vessels. I dimly see, far out toward the African coast, the lights and smoke of a steamer, presumably one of the P. & O. boats bound for Calcutta.

Above me, darkly outlined and ghost-like, rises the crumbling tower and walls of the old Moorish fortress, to which the beggar of Malaga points with an aged hand, telling a tale of death and woe.

Arriving at the bull-ring, I turn off to my left into a narrow *calle*. Here no gas-jets show the pedestrian where to place his steps. Those who pass you by well know each crook and turn, and it is well that the beams from the moon cannot pierce the gloom.

The humming twang of the mandolin draws me toward a large portal, closed by an iron largate. I stand without and listen to the wild Malaguena, that weird, sad song so well known throughout Andalusia. A few steps more bring me to the threshold of a dimly lighted *casa*. The atmosphere is gray from the smoke of many cigarettes. Spanish sailors sit gambling and singing fierce, wild songs. How well this scene on Christmas eve brings before me those paintings of Rembrandt depicting this uncertain life!

Noises of every description tell a tale of revelry. As I enter another *calle*, more spacious, and lighted by the miserable Spanish lamp-post, put to naught by the moon, the strains, beautifully sweet, of the Miserere are wafted to my ready ear from a party of serenaders under some fair *senorita's* balcony.

And so, this romantic Spanish life, the grand Italian and Spanish music, mingled with the distant wail of the Malaguena, and this holy night, bathed in the silvery flood of light, make the dawn of the Christmas day one never to be forgotten.

It is high noon now. The sun is warm and the day perfect. The Alameda is almost deserted for the harbor promenade. It is difficult to force your way through the gay throng, and the road is crowded with cabs and English coaches. Every one is in his best attire. All are smiling—and jealous. Alas! the English hat of the *senorita* does not exhibit her beauty to such an advantage as her own native mantilla. The best blood of Spain has assembled itself in this most healthful winter resort; and so to-day we are dazzled by the splendor and beauty of the scene. Mounted officers, richly caparisoned, add to the enlivening spectacle. English, French, Italian and Spanish flags float in the harbor over their respective ships. Fruit-venders shove their cumbersome baskets among us. Bands of native musicians discourse wild Spanish dance music, and the dark maidens gracefully time their little feet in perfect rhythm to the music. Bursts of applause greet now one, now another. As the sun slowly sinks beyond the hills the rush gradually diminishes, and I find myself wandering among the business streets. The show window of the *confiters* is a model of good taste and artistic arrangement of Spanish dainties.

An immense coach in imitation of that of the Queen Regent, made from *turrone*s, a delicious sweetmeat for which Castile is noted, attracts a large crowd to its maker's window. Fancy cakes, covered with designs of choice nuts, are well displayed.



DRAWN BY C. S. JACOBS.

"The turkey farmers are slowly driving the remainder of their flocks homeward."

The guide-books, as a rule, depreciate Spanish cookery. Allow me as an American, and therefore capable of judging, to state that I have never elsewhere partaken of meats so well catered. Old

England boasts her roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, but Englishmen here have nothing to wish for in that line.

This is the Christmas dinner *menu* of the *Nuevo Hotel Victoria* :

Sopa Juliana.
Perdiz en estofada.
Corbina a la Andaluza.
Pastelitos bechame.
Habichuelas vinagreta.
Pavo trufado.

Besides this sumptuous outlay, the long dining table, fragrant with roses and heliotrope, and surrounded by Spanish chivalry and beauty, is groaning with its burden of choicest wines, fruits, nuts and sweetmeats. Toward the close of the repast a large box of fine Havana cigars is passed among the guests. Each takes one or so, at the same time dropping a few *pesetas* into the box ; and thus mine host receives a very liberal *presente de Navidad*.

As the night draws on, and the Alameda and Calle Marques de Larios are thronged with a slowly moving mass of humanity ; as brilliant uniforms and dresses mingle with the tattered robe of the beggar ; as dark eyes under long black lashes sparkle in rivalry with the jeweled ear-ring or cravat pin—for I verily think if a Spaniard has three hundred dollars he will spend two hundred for a diamond ; as Spanish songs resound in the various public places—all with that sad trembling strain so peculiar to Spain ; I seek the companionship of a few friends who sit about their coffee in the club, with the hope of banishing the visions of joys that have been and have ceased to be.

It was all a melancholy failure ! It was all a case of make-believe ! Christmas is impossible here. You want the holly and the mistletoe, and the yule logs, and the decorated pictures, and the church-bells, the gushing "Merry Christmas" greeting, and the home, and—best of all—the kisses from beloved lips and the warm clasp of "hands that hold each other and are still."

TENEBRAE.

By HUGH EILUS.

A long, white hand, 'gainst a window pane,—
A face that gleamed where the hand had lain;—
A thrill of gladness,—a pang of pain,—
And the night and the darkness were one again.

Dubuque, 1894.

BEATRICE.

A STORY OF BAYOU TECHE.

BY ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES.

CHAPTER IV.

Do old houses shrink and dwindle when the life within them has gone out? If so, the La Scalla homestead on the Teche has shrunk and dwindled.

Surely, it is not merely an optical illusion!

When Beatrice, a little wondering creature, sat in a corner of the carriage as it rolled up the long magnolia avenue, and looked out, at Evalina's bidding, to get her first view of the mansion at the farther end, its white, symmetrical proportions were colossal. The great chimneys at the gable ends loomed up against the sky and mingled the pale blue smoke of their wood fires with the clouds.

Now the house is not grand or imposing at all. It is low and flat and insignificant. The Grecian columns supporting the immense roof upon three sides, and lending the structure so much dignity and grace, are scarcely more than posts!

It is a dead house. Then it was abundantly and gloriously alive. Its hospitable doors opened to some of the brightest men and women of the time,—statesmen, poets, military heroes, renowned singers and celebrated beauties.

House parties were of frequent occurrence, when guests from New Orleans, Richmond, Baltimore, Washington, New York, and even Paris, met and mingled in delightful social freedom, all contributing their respective shares to the general pleasure. For Madame La Scalla would not cheapen her hospitality by inviting stupid, or surly, or uninteresting people—except, sometimes, as “appendages” to exceptionally desirable husbands or wives.

There was great variety of entertainment; hunting and fishing expeditions, long drives, horseback rides, and moonlight sails upon the bayou; out-of-door luncheons, and visits to neighboring plantations, where perhaps similar parties were gathered.

And there was much fine conversation on all sorts of subjects, and delicious idling, and pleasant gossip, and love-making. Impromptu musicales were gotten up, and dances, and private theatricals; when the gleam of white necks and arms, the glow of youthful cheeks, the flash of bright eyes, and the entrancing mystery of women's toilets played havoc with the hearts of the men.

There was also the teeming, busy under-life; as full, as joyous, as important in its way as the life above.

It was slavery; but slavery in its least repulsive aspect. Its evils, whatever they might have been, melt together now into a dim and indiscriminate background, against which only the sweetest, tenderest memories stand out in high relief,—making the hearts of two or three old, bent, black creatures who are lingering their days out there to ache with longing and regret.

It may be only sentiment on the part of these superannuated old crones,—they are women, all of them; but it is sentiment that throws the beautiful glamour over the childish recollections of us all, and persuades us that the present is barren and matter-of-fact and insipid, compared with the spicy and romantic past.

Behind the gardens, at the back of the house, cluster a hundred negro cabins, gone to ruin; each as empty, as desolate, as a bereaved heart. Their chimneys have tumbled down, their battened shutters have dropped off the hinges, the gates of their tiny enclosures are broken, and the little paths which led to their doors are choked with weeds.

Years ago, these cabins yielded up their inmates to the thrifty village which surrounds the lumber mills and various factories a mile or so below.

A little to one side, and screened from the mansion by a dense pine grove, stands the plantation sugar-house; and near by is a goodly gathering of stables, sheds, offices, shops, and store-houses. For La Scalla Place was a whole commonwealth within itself.

These buildings speak with mournful eloquence of the dead past. The tools are rusting on the benches, the barrels and buckets have gone to staves, the last vestige of grain has been eaten by vermin.

The grand family carriage—the same in which Beatrice rode up from the landing, thrilling with a thousand new delights and

apprehensions—stands in its old accustomed place, curtainless, cushionless, windowless; covered with dust and cobwebs.

One sort of life and growth has gone on; the magnolias have reached a statelier height, the wide-spreading oaks crowning the little green knoll which used to be the picnic ground of the La Scallas have added to their massiveness and strength.

The beautiful Cherokee hedges, with their long, graceful, willowy branches, encroach unforbidden on many a rood of the neglected land. So dense are these hedges that a bird may not burrow through them; so high that a mounted horseman cannot look over them.

Cutting straight through the plantation, from end to end, is a long, narrow lane with one of those mobile walls upon either hand, its emerald green thickly powdered with large, white-petaled, yellow-stamened blossoms; the sweetest, loveliest, loneliest drive in the world.

A hedge of this same incomparable shrub also surrounds the once famous flower-gardens—now a tangled waste, an almost impenetrable jungle. Though you may still find, if you pick round among the rank growths, a few of the delicate, sweet-scented English violets, whose refined and subtle perfume seems like a tender reminiscence of the dreams, the loves, the *dolce far niente* of bygone days.

Or, here or there, you may pluck a superb red rose, which proudly blooms amid all the desolation to assert the beauty and the glory of the past.

A surprise awaited Madame La Scalla.

As she alighted from the carriage a lady of about her own age appeared upon the lower gallery, in slippers too delicate to press the white shelled walk. She advanced no farther than the steps, and stood smiling and fluttering her lace-trimmed handkerchief with great animation.

She was followed by a young girl, a little taller than Evalina, who flew down to the carriage, crying:

"Oh, Auntie Corinne! aren't you surprised to see us?"

"Why don't you say 'surprised and delighted'?" returned Madame, with a faint touch of her habitual irony.

The young girl was not equal to this sort of banter, but her mother was.

"Helen knows that our sweet cousin needs no prompting to say pleasant things!" she called down with a laugh.

Helen and Evalina wound their arms about each others' necks and gave vent to little exclamations of delight.

"I never *dreamed* of your being here," said Evalina.

"Of course not," returned Helen, "people do not dream things that are true. We wrote to you, though, but you were not here to get the letter."

Her eyes fell upon Beatrice who had climbed down from the carriage and stood regarding her with a perplexed, uncertain gaze.

Evalina explained that this was her new little maid, at which Helen laughed, unpleasantly Beatrice thought; and her nebulous opinion concerning the young guest crystallized into a sudden bitter antipathy. It was all the more bitter because her artistic sense recognized the fact that Helen was extremely pretty. And one hates a supercilious pretty person much more than a supercilious homely one.

Madame La Scalla had gone on and greeted her cousin with some warmth — tempered as she usually tempered her affectionate demonstrations.

"I really am glad to see you, Con.," she admitted. "You can't imagine what a doleful time I have had; I think I should be glad to see anybody!"

She laughed, and Constance, who had laid a small plump hand upon each shoulder and reached up for a kiss, gave her a little shake.

"The same old Corinne!" she cried, "spoiling her pretty compliments in her own sweet way."

They went into the house together and Corinne threw off her things.

"How is my husband?" she asked with anxious brows.

"He has quite recovered," replied Constance.

Just then a joyous shout from Evalina attracted her attention, and she stepped to the window.

M. La Scalla was riding up the avenue at a gallop, and Evalina was flying to meet him. He threw himself from the saddle as supplely as a man of twenty-five, though he was twice that

almost, and clasped his daughter in his arms. Her yellow curls were like sunshine against the blue of his coat.

"How Maurice loves that child!" said Corinne, with something in her face which the keen-eyed Constance had noted before, — not jealousy, but regret and a touch of surprise perhaps, that she herself, with all her personal attractions, had failed to inspire such tenderness on the part of the only man she had ever really cared for.

The strongest sentiment she had awakened in him was admiration for her beauty and grace, and for her peculiar intelligence.



"PLANTATION SUGAR-HOUSE."

"No wonder he loves her!" Constance returned, "Evalina is such a dear little thing, and so fond of him."

"If she were only pretty!" sighed Madame.

"Heavens! how cold-blooded you are, Corinne," exclaimed the other. "I never trouble myself about my child's looks."

"It is scarcely necessary in Helen's case!" said Corinne, and turned her eyes affectionately upon the young girl standing in the gallery waiting for Evalina.

Presently her glance wandered on to Beatrice, who was on the walk below, and she motioned her cousin to the window and pointed to the child.

Beatrice was bare-headed, and her rippling hair fell about her face and upon her shoulders.

"Mon Dieu!" cried Constance, "who is that — where did she come from?"

When she was told, a shadow crossed her face.

"O, dear!" she said, "the evils of slavery! to think that such a lovely little creature as that —"

"Excuse me!" interrupted Corrinne, "but you would better save such comments as that for your northern friends — or for Maurice; he would appreciate them!"

M. La Scalla hastened into the house, with Evalina still clinging to him, and greeted his wife with the chivalrousness of a lover, holding her soft hands in his while he expressed his pleasure in her return, explaining why he had not been on hand to meet her at the landing, and put into words his regret for her prolonged absence.

"But of late I have not been quite desolate, as you see, my dear!" he added, turning courteously to her cousin, "since the arrival of Madame Vincent and our dear Helen."

"He could talk to us about you, you know!" laughed Constance. She added, "how delightful to have our names pronounced in the dear old way, — the English way is so harsh. In New York I must hear myself addressed as '*Mrs.* Vinn-sent,' with that dreadful hissing sound. It is odious!"

Helen had come in and linked her arm affectionately through Madame La Scalla's. She took up her mother's theme.

"At school," she said, "I try to make the girls speak my name as Auntie Corinne does, but they just spoil it; they make the 'A' long."

They all laughed, and Madame La Scalla gave the young girl a caressing look.

Constance and Corinne had the same family name, Deschamps. They were both born in New Orleans and had both been educated in Paris. The first named had met and married abroad Mr. James Vincent, a wealthy banker of New York, and their home was ostensibly in that city. But Constance was too cosmopolitan to be able to settle down contentedly in any particular spot. For the first few years of their married life they had, as her husband phrased it, been continually on the wing, flitting from place to place like birds of passage, — north in summer, south in winter, — and only

halting at their nominal abode between seasons. He had finally rebelled. Constance drooped and pined. After an uncomfortable interlude a compromise was effected, by which she was able to resume her roving and he was permitted to remain quietly at home.

He and his house were thriftily looked after by a distant female relative, whom he called "Aunt Cynthia." This good woman had so little respect for "James' southern wife" that it did violence to her stern New England conscience even to treat the volatile Creole with civility.

Constance was well aware of her hostile attitude, but she could afford to ignore it, since the presence of so efficient a manager in her house left her at liberty to "go galavanting," as Aunt Cynthia expressed it, whenever she chose, and relieved her of domestic responsibilities when she was at home.

Accompanied by her daughter, she made frequent visits to La Scalla Place; inviting herself whenever the fancy seized her, and being invited whenever Madame La Scalla thought her presence might add to the pleasure of other guests, or help to assimilate the various elements she desired to bring together in a house party. For the vivacious Constance was a universal favorite in society. She stimulated the intellects but was restful to the hearts of the men, because she entertained them without coquetting with them; and she helped on rather than hindered the innocent intrigues of other women.

The two cousins were not particularly attached to each other. But Mrs. Vincent thought Corinne's husband adorable, and had unbounded admiration for her young son Burgoyne.

Upon the other hand, Madame La Scalla's fondness for Helen helped to cement the intimate relations between the two families.

A colored woman came in and lighted the candles and stirred the great wood fire into a ruddy blaze. The little party seated themselves in a friendly group round the hearth; and Beatrice, still standing upon the white walk outside, could look in, through the lace-curtained windows, at their pleased, animated faces, and observe the cheerful pantomime of their conversation, though she was too far away to hear what was said.

Evalina was nestled upon a sofa beside her father, with her hand in his, wholly absorbed in watching the expression of his countenance, and listening to the sound of his voice.

CHAPTER V.

Beatrice could not have told why it was that her eyes suddenly filled with tears and her heart seemed ready to burst.

She was not yet self-conscious enough to contrast her forlorn lot with that of the two happy girls within, who were enjoying — without a thought of its blessedness — the luxury of warmth and light and love.

She turned from the bright fireside scene, — but without any bitterness of envy or poignancy of self-pity, — and looked about with the alert poise and quick glance of some frightened wild creature seeking for cover.

There were a hundred places where she might have hidden herself — but wherefore? It was herself, or the awakening consciousness of herself, as an identity, as something apart, which startled her. She was beginning to lose the serene confidence of childhood, to feel the instinct of self-protection and to realize her helplessness. A sense of strangeness and isolation was upon her like that she had experienced in the cathedral at Miss Rosamond's funeral. She seemed not to touch the universe at any point, but to be spinning off into voidness, — that awful sensation one sometimes has in a dream.

The sun had gone down, but there was still the soft pink after-glow in which grass and foliage are greenest, and in which shadows are blackest.

Some clusters of cape jasmine bushes were a-bloom in front of the gallery, and there was not breeze enough to lift and bear away their heavy perfume.

A young moon, as slender as Diana's bow, hung low in the mellow sky, and a resplendent star shone above it. All over the heavens other stars were peeping out more timidly.

The only distinguishable sounds were the loud croakings of frogs somewhere in the neighborhood. There seemed to be a million of them, all doing their best, as conscientiously as a faithful orchestra in the tedious *entr'actes* of a play.

Beatrice did not mind the apparent, almost appalling, nearness of the vocal multitude, nor the incredible volume of the chorus, — which included the whole gamut of sound, from the hoarse trom-

bone of the lowest basso, to the high, shrill piccolo of the most attenuated treble,—except that they intensified her loneliness.

Presently the sight of the wagon far down the avenue, in which sat her grandmother and Calisty—black silhouettes against the fading horizon—almost made her cry out, so great was her relief, so joyful the re-conjoining of herself with human-kind.

She ran forward to meet them, but the wagon turned into an alley and disappeared in the dark shrubbery. She paused a few moments that her ear might follow its rumble, and then turned and flew round to the back of the house, but stopped abruptly and stood panting in the shadow of a syringa bush.

A bright light had dazzled her eyes. It came from the kitchen, a long, low structure connected with the rear of the mansion by a latticed corridor, over which a honeysuckle vine was carelessly trained.

The door stood wide open, showing by the light of a glowing wood fire three aproned and turbaned negro women leisurely busying themselves about the dinner, which was evidently soon to be served. Enticing odors came from the steaming pots and kettles, and from the great oven, when Aunt Riddy, the head cook, opened the door to peep into it.

Very soon the wagon drove up, and the sound of it brought all three women to the door, with fork or spoon or dishcloth in hand. They nodded and cried "howdy!" to Calisty, and looked curiously at old Salome as she climbed down stiffly, back foremost, having declined Uncle Smiley's proffered assistance.

Calisty also curtly waived the old man aside when he reached up his hands to her.

"I 'low dis chile don't requi' any o' yo' help, Unc' Smiley," she said, "yo' jes' stan' out de way dar, an' le'me ha' full swing."

She raised her arms slightly—as a bird about to soar raises its wings—and with a little spring cleared the hind wheel and alighted airily but firmly upon the ground.

Uncle Smiley ran off in pretended fright, and the women jeered him with soft yah—yah—yahs!

He came back presently and dragged from the farther end of the wagon Salome's old chest. One of the women good-naturedly helped him to set it on the porch—"fo' de present," he explained, "ontil we sees whar' dey's gwine t' lodge."

The porch, which was almost on a level with the ground, ran the whole length of the kitchen, and was furnished with rough benches and clumsily mended old chairs. It was shaded by China trees, and was the rendezvous of the house servants and their "company," on warm afternoons when they were not at work,—or when their work was such as could be carried on there.

Uncle Smiley clambered into the wagon again and drove off. Calisty entered the arbor-like passage leading from the kitchen to the back hall of the mansion; and Salome was left standing alone, a desolate old figure in a black gown and turban.

Beatrice, with a little cry, darted to her side.

The women, who were still grouped in the porch, uttered surprised ejaculations and drew near to look at the child. One of them raised her eyes to Salome and asked respectfully.

"Am she relashun o' you'n?"

Salome made no reply and the woman,—who bore the fine name of Cleopatra,—concluded she could not hear, and again turned her admiring attention to the child.

"My! she'm jes' like a li'l w'ite lily," she commented, as Beatrice turned her face upward and regarded her. "W'at's yo' name, honey?"

The child took her cue from her grandmother and was silent also.

"Fo' de lan' sake!" exclaimed the questioner impatiently, "am bofe o' you-all deef 'n' dumb?"

Aunt Riddy, who had gone back into the kitchen to note the state of things there, called peremptorily to her assistants, "Come 'long in hyeh, Lexy 'n' Cle'patra, 'n' 'ten' to yo' business; de sweet 'tatahs 's 'mos' done bu'nt up!"

A few moments later she herself shuffled over to the door again, in her down-at-the-heel galoshes, and said hospitably to the new-comers, "You-all betta' step in hyeh 'n' set by de fi'; yo' git yo' def o' col' out dah in de damp."

The great, warm, capacious kitchen seemed to repeat the invitation, and they went in and seated themselves on an old wooden settee near the fire but out of the way of the cooks, who were beginning to dish up the savory messes and to pass the smoking platters and tureens to the dining-room maids, as they flirted into

the kitchen in starched petticoats and smart *tignons* with a fine superior air.

Beatrice, whose cheeks were reddened by the heat of the fire, watched them drowsily and listened to their simple joking with a deep sense of comfort—the relaxation from the strain of a few minutes before.

Presently she and Salome were provided with a luncheon of sweet potatoes and corn-bread, which had been kept hot in the oven; and after that she drooped over and fell asleep in her grandmother's lap. Salome herself leaned her head against the brick jamb and dozed; and her face softened into an expression almost as untroubled as the child's.

Both these human creatures were as unknowing and irresponsible respecting their future destiny as cattle roaming in the fields. Beatrice was of course ignorant of the complicated relations of life, and the laws of custom and society. Salome, though enlightened, had no apprehensions and indulged in but few speculations concerning the treatment they were likely to receive in this household.

The La Scallas were people of quality; whose manners—and in most cases their characters—were formed upon the royal principle of *noblesse oblige*.

All of them whom she had known had been men and women of patrician dignity, of courteous bearing and kindly feeling.

Even Miss Rosamond, soured in her last years by suffering and disappointment, had always been humane. In her early life, though haughty enough with her equals, she had been gentle and considerate toward her dependents. Salome had acquired enough respect and affection for her in those days to last through all the subsequent years of trial, and to keep her at her post in the face of glittering temptations. Even now she clung to the memory of her imperious mistress as a loyal wife clings to the memory of a husband who had not always merited her devotion.

Of Maurice La Scalla, as a young man, she had the most agreeable recollections. He had been the standard of comparison among the colored people, who were wont to say, respectively, of other young gentlemen who visited at the La Scalla house in New Orleans, "He's 'mos' 's good 's Mars' Maurice"; or, "He cyan't hol' a can'le to Mars' Maurice."

She had recalled these things vaguely during the long, tedious voyage, and they had softened the gloom, a little, in which her soul was enwrapped.

Now, as she slept, or half-slept, she dreamed of him. And suddenly she opened her eyes and he stood before her.

She started and would have risen, but a slight motion of his hand toward the slumbering child compelled her to keep her seat.

She looked up at him with the smile of other days, as though in the flood of recollection her youth had momentarily come back to her.

"Lawd, Mars' Maurice! is that you?" she exclaimed. "Time's been lettin' yo' alone, fo' sho'; yo's jes' the same young gen'leman I rememb'eh twenty yeahs ago!"

M. La Scalla threw back his head and laughed. It was a laugh that was pleasant to hear, as unreserved and merry as a boy's.

The firelight shone full upon him, but Salome's sight was too dim to note the fine lines radiating from the corners of his handsome eyes, or the streaks of silver in the dark locks brushed back from his forehead.

His face was smooth-shaven—it was a face that could bear exposure; the chin was fine, and the expression of the mouth winsome, but, perhaps, lacking a little in firmness—or in that bull-dog determination to have one's own way which is often flatteringly called firmness. Though it was not a weak mouth, you would expect the man to achieve his object, but by patient, persuasive convincing argument, not by sheer force of will. He had mastered a secret; had learned that it was better, easier, nobler, to rule through the intelligent co-operation of those he governed than by his own might; and he did not think the time wasted which was spent in enlightening the meanest slave.

He had never been a great traveler, like his wife and her cousin Constance; he was a man of quiet tastes and conservative habits, but his thoughts took a wide and rather bold range.

Corinne and Evalina—the latter through the patient coaching of Miss Speedwell, the governess—spoke the most approved English. But M. La Scalla made little effort in that direction. His southern tongue clung affectionately to its smooth native dialect, and slipped a cog at every rough r or jagged g.

Most of the La Scallas were tall and elegantly slender, but Maurice was only of medium height. He was a trifle stout, though his complexion was colorless, and his physician had repeatedly warned him to avoid undue excitement and violent physical exertion.

It was the custom of the La Scalla household to assemble in the back parlor after dinner and amuse or entertain themselves as they chose—severally or collectively. In this they were governed by the spirit of the hour,—which might be a quiet brooding spirit, or a lively sociable one. Often an evening passed with scarcely a word spoken. There was unlimited freedom in this respect. No one's sensibilities were so delicate that the others must be on their guard for fear of wounding them. But yet there was harmony and geniality. They were not an intensely self-centered family; they did not grudge either their time or their talents when it was a question of making themselves agreeable. If any one of them happened to be charged with a particular idea or impulse he might give direction to a whole evening's occupation in which all joined heartily. Thus music often filled the hours from dinner till bed-time; or games, or reading aloud, or conversation, or mere lively frolic.

On this particular evening the ladies, including Helen and Miss Speedwell, had gone directly to the piano to try a new song which Mrs. Vincent had brought from New York. And Evalina had her beloved papa all to herself.

They sat together upon a deep high-backed sofa, apart from the others, and she described to him the tedious stay in the city, the funeral, the journey home, and Beatrice.

The last was the most interesting topic of all, and M. La Scalla got an exhaustive and flattering description of the new little piece of property.

Evalina had formulated some plans in her mind relative to her maid, which she laid before him in what very much resembled his own clear and gently persuasive manner. She wished Beatrice to be her very own, and she wanted to have the entire responsibility of her training and bringing-up.

M. La Scalla considered the proposition for a moment or two and then assented to it—with a proviso.

"Of cou'se my deah," he said, "this law must be subject to repeal if at any time or in any way my little daughta' abuses her authority or her privilege."

"Papa! you know I never will," she answered reproachfully. "I mean to be *very* good to Beatrice, I like her so much!"

"I hardly thought you would err on that side," said he, "but you might upon the otheh. You may spoil yo' little maid by oveh-indulgence, so that she may become an annoyance to othehs, — yo' motheh, fo' instance."

He glanced at Mme. La Scalla, who was going over her part of the song alone, with Miss Speedwell playing the accompaniment. It was the suggestive glance of one accustomed to conforming to the whimsical notions of an erratic nature.

Evalina smiled. "O, I know mama!" she cried archly. "I shall take care that Beatrice does not trouble her—or anyone else. She shall have a little cot in my dressing-room, and I will keep her quite to myself. I do not intend to have her associate with the other servants; for, really, papa, she is too nice!"

"Oh!" he returned, lifting his brows quizzically. "And what about old Salome, she is ratheh nice, too, is she not? She was to Cousin Rose jus' what you want this gyirl to be to you, I infeh. By the way! something has just occu'ed to me," he added; "Do you know that we had a funeral heah while you were away? Old Aunt Nancy is gone at last; she was buried last Sunday."

"O, dear, the poor old soul!" exclaimed Evalina, "and I was not here to look after her and see that she had things!"

"She did not need 'things', my deah, she jus' died quietly, of old age; she was gettin' towa'd ninety, you know."

Evalina was silent. She sat with her hands clasped round her knee, her wide, introspective eyes upon the fire. Presently a little smile, half-humorous and half-tender, touched her face.

"Was she laid out in her patch quilt?" was asked.

"I think so," he replied, "she looked quite fine. She had a new red silk tu'ban on her head. What I was about to say is that Aunt Nancy's cottage is vacant now, none of the servants have been near it since the funeral, except the women who went down aft'w'ds—undeh Cosette's protection—to put it in ordeh. You don't suppose Salome is too supe'stitious to go into it, do you?"

"O, dear, no! I should think not," said Evalina. She added with shining eyes, "How perfectly lovely this is! why, papa, it seems almost providential, doesn't it?"

"Well, my deah, there are two sides to that," he answered. "We might call it providential fo' Salome; but how about po' old Nancy, who was so much in love with life, and gloated oveh every day that she was 'spared'?"

"O, yes; it is dreadfully confusing, isn't it?" she admitted. "I am awful sorry about Aunt Nancy, and I am glad for Salome! Papa, don't you want to go and see Salome and Beatrice?"

She was up and had him by the hand and he made no demur. One of the dining-room maids had told her Salome and Beatrice were safely housed in the kitchen.

After the brief visit was over Evalina went to hunt up the housekeeper and beg her to have the cottage put in readiness for its new occupant.

The little French woman was taking her tea in her own room alone. Evalina sat down patiently and explained matters to her while she finished the bit of toast she had just browned over the coals at her side, and drained her little china cup. She was always heartily in sympathy with anything that Evalina promulgated; and her small, black, bead-like eyes sparkled as she listened.

When she had cleared her little table and set the dishes upon a tray to be carried down to the kitchen, she took off her house slippers and put her feet into thick shoes.

"I go right 'way, myse'f," she said. "I'm vair' glad de li'le cottage have 'nother occupan', it seem too bad to let it go to wrack 'n' ruin, lack houses will dat are not lived in. I'm sho' ole Nancy's flowe's need waterin' by dis time. She water'm herse'f de vair' day she die, I been down dere 'n' see her doin' it."

Evalina sighed. She had a vivid picture before her mental vision of the little old woman pottering round with her tin pail and dipper, peering at the new buds and carefully scrutinizing the leaves and stocks for vermin.

Cosette, when she was ready, summoned a maid to go along with her and carry some clean bedding. Evalina herself accompanied them.

The moon had disappeared, but the stars were numerous and brilliant enough to light their way, which led down through the flower gardens.

The dew sparkled on the grass and the air was filled with the perfume of hundreds of blossoms.

A little gate was set into the hedge at the farther side of the gardens, almost hidden in greenery ; and the gateway was arched over with long pendant branches.

A short path running obliquely from the gate led to the cottage, which stood quite by itself in what might be called an annex of the gardens. It was snuggled in amongst the trees and shrub-



"Snuggled in amongst the trees and shrubbery."

bery as cozily as a bird's nest, and its little portico, running the whole length of the front, was wreathed with climbing roses of many varieties.

Cosette went ahead fearlessly and opened the door, whose simple fastenings were worked with a string.

The maid, "Stasie," followed ; shuddering as she crossed the threshold over which a dead body had so recently been borne.

In the starlight the few pieces of furniture had a grewsome and rigid look, as if they too were dead.

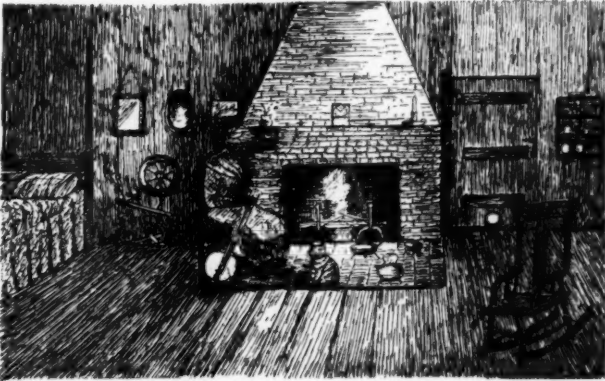
But Stasie had brought along in her apron some sticks of fat pine, and she soon had a blaze in the large brick fire-place which illumined the entire room, and went a long way toward driving

out the horrible hobgoblins with which the place was, to her mental apprehension, numerous people.

In the farthest corner of the room stood a high bedstead ; and who could tell how many unholy spooks were skulking beneath the huge feather-tick and pillows, or practicing their diabolical antics behind the gay calico valance !

The two white persons, who seated themselves unconcernedly before the fire, had no conception of the terrors that shook the frame of the young colored girl as she approached that uncanny corner with her bundle of sheets and blankets.

Everything in the room was incredibly clean. The bare floor,



DRAWN BY MRS. F. G. HUTCHISON.

"Robespierre might have observed a good many changes."

the little square pine table, and the rude cupboard filled with Aunt Nancy's carefully preserved stock of cracked dishes and tumblers, all testified to unnumbered scourings.

Aunt Nancy had once been head-cook at the mansion. When she grew too old for that responsible position, this little cottage—formerly the gardener's lodge—had been fitted up for her. And here she had lived for nearly a score of years,—expressing herself to the last in the thrifty ways that had characterized her all her life long. She had cooked her simple meals, and scrubbed and cleaned, and knitted and spun, and tended her flowers and her little patch of ground ; and had executed between-whiles her one grand piece of needle-work, her patch quilt, in which she had long

ago stipulated that she should be buried. And she had collected such odds and ends — rejected or thrown away by others — as had helped to give to her humble abode an air of comfort and a touch of beauty ; or that indefinable something which makes a house, great or small, seem home-like.

Many gay pictures were pinned upon the walls, together with some old letters carefully smoothed out, whose chirography, in blue and violet ink, was both beautiful and mysterious to her. A battered but bright brass candle-stick adorned one end of the mantel, and upon the other was a broken china vase still capable of holding flowers, and of making a splendid appearance when its crippled side was next the wall — as of course it always was.

In a corner beside the chimney stood the spinning-wheel with a limp thread hanging pathetically from the half-filled spindle.

In the opposite corner were a few simple cooking utensils of heavy black iron, all standing firmly upon their sturdy iron legs.

An old wooden rocking-chair with its high, angular back decorously draped with a coarse cotton tidy, had a particularly disconsolate air, as if conscious of the loss of its familiar occupant.

Both Evalina and Cosette respectfully refrained from sitting in it, but contented themselves with humbler accommodations.

The two looked about and talked while Stasie made up the bed. Both of them had been fond of old Nancy ; but their talk and their thoughts had more concern with the prospective than with the departed mistress.

"She surely will like it," argued Evalina, "it is such a quiet, peaceful place for an old person !"

"Yes, if de ole person been fond of de quiet 'n' peaceful place !" retorted Cosette with a shrug.

Salome did like it — at least better than she would have liked anything else on the plantation.

The sight of "Mars'" Maurice had broken up the lethargic state into which she had lapsed after the death of her mistress, and she was able to take some little interest in her surroundings.

She had Beatrice with her the first night, and after that she was alone. But she did not mind ; Aunt Nancy's ghost did not

trouble her. Though possibly that old creature's thrifty spirit may in some occult way have guided her; for very soon she unconsciously slipped into the well-worn grooves of a daily routine as regular as the rising and setting of the sun.

The cottage resumed so much of its former air as to thoroughly deceive old Robespierre, Aunt Nancy's big gray cat. On the night of the wake he had been so terrified at the unusual goings-on that he precipitately fled through the cat-hole in the door and went into hiding for a fortnight.

But a few days after Salome's advent he came reconnoitering with cautious sniffs and plaintive calls; and finally, as if persuaded that the frightful orgies which had driven him forth into the darkness were but the foolish chimera of a dream, and that there had really been no change, he stole sheepishly in and took his accustomed place on the hearth.

However, Robespierre might have observed a great many changes if he had not been an uncommonly stupid cat, dozing in his chosen corner all day long. Salome had opened her chest and brought out her few belongings; a little clock which she set upon the mantel, a few books, a framed picture of Miss Rosamond, a looking-glass,—the same that had hung on her kitchen wall in New Orleans,—and two musical instruments; a banjo and a mandolin.

She was sadly out of practice and could not make much music upon either of them; but the little thrumming she was able to do afforded relief to her feelings sometimes as she sat by her lonely fireside and recalled the gay and the sorrowful scenes of the past.

Robespierre, astonished at first and resentful at having his personal comfort ignored—as the over-indulged always are—grew presently to like the tuneful sounds, and to exhibit signs of pleasure and animation whenever one or other of the instruments was brought out.

All mankind like an audience; and it was surprising how Salome's stiff old fingers limbered up the moment the cat began to take an interest in her performance. She played livelier airs, and kept time with her foot, and quite lost herself in the enthusiasm his flattering attention inspired.

[*To be continued.*]



MRS. MINNIE DOUGLAS.

THE PURSER'S ROMANCE.

AN EASTER DAY IN MID-OCEAN, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MINNIE DOUGLAS.



MY DEAR Maurice!" I exclaimed, grasping his hand as I came on board, "how are you?"

"First rate, old fellow, how's yourself? I needn't ask though, for you're always well. I hardly expected this pleasure; but see, there comes our little 'Mascot.'"

I looked, and there, sure enough, was the queer little figure hobbling along the quay, with a porter by her side carrying numerous packages. This would make the fourth voyage taken by me with the little stranger as *compagnon du voyage*. No one seemed to know anything about her and she elicited much surmise. She was below the average height and quite deformed,—one shoulder being considerably higher than the other. She was always habited in black, with a close-fitting bonnet such as elderly ladies wear. The bonnet covered her head and neck, fitting closely under the chin and tied in large bows reaching well up over the lower part of her face. No one had ever seen her minus her blue goggles, and very rarely had she been seen with her veil raised. Her meals were always served in her state-room. My friend, the purser, told me she had taken the trip, presumably for her health, twice a year for the last three years, always making the return voyage in the same vessel.

Several times I had been on the point of trying to solve the enigma, but her extreme reticence discouraged me. When we were two days out, I said to the purser, "I'll draw her out of her shell this time, or lose my reputation as a detective."

"Poor little 'Mascot!'" exclaimed my companion. "She doubtless has good reason for concealing her identity. I'm always delighted to see the little lady on board, for then I'm assured we'll have smooth sailing."

That is how we came to dub her the "Mascot." On every voyage she had taken, the weather had been simply perfect.

Maurice, the purser, had attracted me from the first. He was of Danish extraction and had been educated at Eton. He was a

fine type of the English gentleman, combining therewith the magnificent physique of his hardy northern ancestors. His features were fair and finely cut as a woman's. There was an air of nonchalance in his make-up that always interested the ladies. Withal, there was a latent something in his face which led me to believe that the exterior concealed some romance. Several times I tried to pump him regarding his past life; but on this subject he was strangely uncommunicative. It annoyed me, for it enfeebled my self-pride as a detective. I had watched him on several occasions when he thought himself free from observation, and the saddest expression I had ever seen would steal over his face. At such times I could hardly refrain from asking him to let me share his sorrow.

The evening of the sixth day out was Easter eve. There was a strong atmosphere of hail-fellow-ness about everyone as we gathered at the dinner table.

My friend was missing from his place at the table. The ship's doctor informed me that the purser was somewhat under the weather, and would be glad if I would go along and cheer him up a bit. "And," continued the Doctor, "his malady is more of the mind than of the body; he gives way to fits of melancholy. Even the little 'Mascot,' " went on the physician, "is disturbed about him. She button-holed me to ask who all was ill, and when I mentioned him as being on my list, she seemed quite solicitous about him. Do you think he has caught its heart?"

"Not unlikely," I returned, going in the direction of the purser's quarters. Somehow the Doctor's flippancy when talking about the little Mascot rather nettled me.

I lit my pipe and strolled forward. What a magnificent scene met my gaze! The full moon was like a great globe of silver. The waves, long so restless, seemed to have fallen asleep, lulled by the gentle southerly breeze that played about the rigging. Away in the distance the silvery horizon seemed to bend far down, as if to caress the ocean's emerald bosom. I was in the mood to thoroughly appreciate the tranquillity of the scene, but I thought of my poor friend alone with the blues, and hurried to him.

When I entered he was lying with his face toward the port-hole. The water was softly lapping the glass in little fleecy clouds.

"Well, old man," I exclaimed, "are you going to spend the rest of this exquisite night in this stuffy hole?"

"You, Norman?" he said, turning toward me; and I saw that he was the victim of strong emotion. He held in his hand a small leathern photograph case which he carefully laid face downward. "It's good of you to come," he went on, "for I am not a very lively companion to-night. Sit down," he said, pointing to a couch. I noted how perfectly appointed his little den was, indicating the man's refined tastes. My heart went out to the lad, lying there with his burden of grief, and with no kindred spirit at hand to help him bear it. I determined to make him confide in me.

"Come and relate some of your queer adventures," he continued, "or my own cursed thoughts, combined with this confounded cold, will drive me frantic."

"I have a capital antidote for your ailment," I answered; "and I sha'n't stir from this spot till you have accepted it. I want you to tell me what it is that upsets your equilibrium in this manner, and every attack worse than its predecessor."

"I would give all I possess, Norman," he said, grasping my hand, "if I could free myself from the influence of a miserable past. I hoped that, as time went by, regret would be lessened; but, not so. This Easter season as it comes round lifts again the veil of the past, only to show me how drearily my life stretches out before me. I gave up everything to take this position, thinking that the change and excitement would enable me to bury my wretchedness at the bottom of the sea; but it is not so, old friend, I can't escape from myself."

His face was deathly pale, and his great pathetic eyes were darker than usual.

"You are just in the mood now, Maurice, to tell me everything," I said; "so go on; it will be a tremendous relief to you; just fire away, while I relight my pipe."

He clasped his hands behind his head and began:

"You doubtless have wondered why an Eton graduate should be filling the position I hold; but I wasn't intended for this life, I assure you. I was brought up to inherit my father's estates, which are among the oldest in Denmark. My mother is an English woman and has a beautiful place in Surrey, where she and

my sister reside. Just hand me that case," he said, pointing to a portfolio. I gave it to him and he handed me two photographs. One was of an elderly lady with a sweet, placid smile, and I saw at once how Maurice came by his delicately cut features. The other was that of a young girl. The face was a small edition of my friend's, only that the picture looked at me with a bright, happy smile, and the living one was melancholy embodied.

"My mother and sister," he said in a softened tone that told me of the depth of affection there was in his nature.

"But there is yet another picture I want to see;" I said to him. "Have I your permission?" I asked, reaching for the case lying beside him. He nodded an assent and turned his eyes from me as I gazed at the photograph. The face was not remarkably beautiful as to feature, but there was an indescribable charm in the expression. There was a smile upon the lips, that was far more pathetic than tears could be. The eyes were dark and slumberous—concealing strong passions. The mouth was the feature that attracted me most—so strong in determination; at the same time there was a world of tenderness in the curved upper lip. Altogether it was the countenance of a person who would conquer difficulties.

"Now tell about *her*;" I said, closing the case. "I like her face, and I want to know in what way your life and hers have become tangled up."

"It is quite an old story now," he began, raising himself on his elbow. "During the winter of '88, just after father's death, my mother was ordered to the south of France. We took a beautiful old chateau, delightfully situated and with all the requirements for a quiet out-door life. The place was joined on the south by the grounds of Vicomte De Chateauray, and—"

At mention of this name a whole panorama of incidents passed before me. A flight of memory and I was back to a time when all Europe was stirred to wonderment over the inexplicable mystery connected with that once illustrious house.

"You doubtless know all about the case," continued Maurice, who had noted my start of surprise. "That is, you know it as the world knows it; but, I am going to tell you some facts, known only to myself and Marie. To be brief: we naturally saw

a great deal of each other, for my sister took a violent fancy to the pretty French girl.

"The Vicomte's family consisted of four. The mother was a confirmed invalid. There was also a son on whom old Mother Nature must have experimented in order to find out how many of her vices she could crowd into one man's body — curse him !

"Well, I woke one day to the fact that life without Marie would be unbearable. Oh, Norman !" he cried in despair "how I loved her ! In some mysterious way our souls seemed to have grown together. She held my life in a network so fine, and at the same time so powerful, that to free myself has proved impossible.

"I fancied there was some obstacle that made her reticent when in my presence—for I always felt that in a measure my sentiments were reciprocated.

"The crisis came one day, when I found her sitting in one of the leafy glades of the old Monastery. She had been weeping, and despair was plainly depicted on her countenance. At sight of her grief, all my self-control was thrown to the winds—I declared my passion for her, and she in return told her love for me. I expected to see the clouds vanish from her face ; instead, her agony was terrible to witness.

"By and by, when she was calmer, she gave me a sketch of her unhappy life. Her brother had done all he could do to bring ruin upon the family, and his crowning effort was to forge the name of one of his associates—a man much older than himself and whose character was on a par with his own. M. Victor went to the Vicomte De Chateauroy and demanded either his money or his daughter's hand. The poor Vicomte had not a farthing, for his money and estates had gone to defray debts of a like nature. The old man died under the disgrace, and implored my poor Marie to save her mother's last few years from privation. Oh, the miserable *marriage de convenance* so common in France ! My pure-souled Marie was sacrificed to that brute, to save the honor of her house ! She went to her martyrdom, that her gentle mother might be spared. 'I could bear the disgrace myself,' she cried out to me, 'but it would rob my mother of her frail life.'

"One week from that time—Easter eve—the marriage took place,—so anxious was the beast for his prey !

"I have told you nothing of my entreaties. The plans and schemes I laid before her were of no avail,—she was dumb. I bowed to the inevitable and left France. I could not trust myself in the vicinity of that man.

"I traveled till I found myself in Scotland, and in Glasgow I signed for the position I now hold. We sailed from the Clyde on Easter morning. That evening I was looking over the daily papers, and the first thing that met my gaze was the mysterious disappearance of Madame Victor, on the morning after her wedding.

"You know the rest, Norman, better than I do."

He lay back in his bunk, flushed and excited; his eyes were like two amber flames, under the yellow light from the lamp.

"Maurice," I exclaimed, "how little we know of the inner lives of our most intimate friends! I would have given five years of my life to have known of this love affair at the time of the search; and here I was, rubbing right up against you all the time—you, the very core of the whole mystery! O, I could knock my own confounded head off! The whole force have been groping about like a pack of dogs that have lost their scent. The case has completely baffled everyone."

"And you mean to tell me, old man, that you haven't the remotest idea of what became of her?"

"No, Norman, I have not. If I only knew something of her fate! If I could only know that she were resting peacefully in her grave, beyond the clutches of that villain! O, I could wring—"

"Gently, my dear fellow," I said, arresting his flow of epithets. "He has been called to account for his villainy; deal kindly with his memory."

The purser's face became pallid, and he stared at me a moment, as he tried to comprehend my words.

"You cannot mean that he is dead?" he said at length.

"Dead as a door-nail, for the last five or six months."

"And I did not hear of it!" he half whispered.

"Perhaps you don't thirst after knowledge of that kind," I answered. "You see, I have to digest all sorts of stuff. There was a scandalous flavor about his death, and his relatives tried to hush it up. Public curiosity is again uproused, as to what

became of his wife. That's the way I feel, myself; and, by Jove, I'm going to enter the field again, on a fresh track; I shall follow it this time till I've bagged my game."

"Give me your hand, Norman, I want to wish you success; and I am with you in the chase, too,—perhaps I can aid you in many ways."

He jumped from his berth and stretched his six feet of splendid physical manhood. He was evidently inhaling new life with every breath.

"This is the last trip I take," he exclaimed, arranging his toilet with his usual precision. "Dear old restless sea," he murmured to his reflection in the looking-glass, "I've grown to love it in all its moods—how like it is to myself!"

We strolled on deck, where all the passengers were congregated in groups. One group was singing the old song, "Far Away." We leaned over the gunwale of the boat and enjoyed, in a melancholy fashion, the soft melody as it floated toward us.

"Norman," said my friend in his peculiarly caressing voice, and laying his arm across my shoulders, "Did you ever witness a scene like that?—how grand! how awe-inspiring!"

It was, indeed, a magnificent sight; the ship's side was ablaze with phosphorescent light, the moonbeams turning it into a glittering mass of silvery foam. The ship was groaning and panting, as she plowed her way through the clinging flames. As I puffed at my pipe, a delightful sense of peace and joy stole over me.

Easter morning dawned clear and bright. The air was crisp and invigorating. I think the whole list of passengers must have responded to the first breakfast bell! We were as jolly a crowd as one could meet anywhere.

When my friend and I came on deck the people were disporting at various games. The clatter of the shuffle-board mallets on the ship's deck, mingled with bursts of laughter, imbued one with a feeling of sociability only to be met with on ship-board.

We sat down by a group of men who were doing a little mild betting on the ship's log. There was quite a heavy swell on, and the steamer was lurching spasmodically.

Our little Mascot had crept from her shell and was walking the deck by the doctor's side, bravely trying to keep pace with his seaman-like strides.

"By George!" exclaimed the purser, "here comes a tremendous big wave;—hold on there, everybody!" But his warning came to late; nearly everybody was sprawling upon the deck. We rushed to the little figure in black, who had been thrown with terrible force against the capstan of the vessel.

The doctor and myself raised the prostrate woman and carried her to her stateroom.

"I fear her shoulder is badly hurt," said the Doctor, as we laid her on the bed and summoned the stewardess. "I expect to find it dislocated."

Soon she was divested of head-gear and goggles, revealing to my astonished gaze a youthful face—refined and delicate, but strangely pale and sad.

"Quite a revelation," said the physician, "we have evidently run into some mystery!"

I had been examining her features closely, and just then her eyes opened. "My God!" I cried involuntarily, "can it be possible!"

She gazed at us in a bewildered way for a few seconds, and then such a look of fear crept into her face, that I could not refrain from taking her hand and assuring her that there was nothing to be afraid of, "for we are all bound to respect your secret."

I left her in the hands of the Doctor and his assistant, telling her I would come again later on.

I sought out a secluded spot and provided myself with a cigar. I sat down to ruminate. What a discovery I had made!—and, how was I to break the news to Maurice? Dear old chap—how pleased I was to be the bearer of such good news! I began to feel queer;—I felt as I imagine a woman feels when she is on the verge of hysterics;—I wanted to shout at the top of my voice, to relieve my feelings!

In about thirty minutes a message came for me to go below. I went, and was met by a pleading look from the soft gray eyes. She held out her hand to me. She was perfectly calm; she had

evidently concluded to make the best of the discovery ; she was too sensible to do otherwise.

I could see that she trusted me — a fact that flattered my vanity. A smile fluttered across her face.

"So you have finished your chase?" she murmured in faultless English. "I caused you a great deal of trouble and chagrin, though." And a small gleam of triumph shone in her eyes.

"Yes," I answered, "but I am amply repaid by being in at the capture of such noble prey."

"Oh, Monsieur!" she cried, her mood changing like an April day. "How can I stand it! I cannot see any one — the exposure would be too much. I will stay here till we land; then I can mingle with the crowd and lose myself once more."

Her voice was piteous and her eyes were moist.

"No," I said gently, "there is no crowd in the world big enough to hide you now. I shall see that nothing will harm or annoy you, — I am no longer your pursuer, I am your protector."

She pressed my hand in gratitude. "But you will not let him come?" she pleaded. "I could not control myself in his presence."

"Listen to me," I said, "do you know what day this is, and its significance?"

"Yes," she answered, a softened light dawning in her eyes, "it is glad Easter day."

"Yes, when all our hearts should be filled with 'Peace and Love'; I am going to bring Maurice to you, to receive from your hands some recompense for the years of misery he has undergone."

A look of terror overspread her countenance.

"You need not fear," I said to her, "for there can be no wrong in your seeing him now; you are free — M. Victor is dead."

She stared at me blankly for a few seconds before she could grasp the meaning of my words.

"Oh," she murmured, "can it be possible that I am no longer hunted from place to place like a criminal!"

She began to weep, and as I invariably break down when I see a woman in tears, I left her. I went in quest of the purser.

I found him in his favorite position, watching the waves. I went up to him with as much *sang froid* as I could muster.

"Well, Norman, how is the little friend? She must have got quite a smash."

"Yes, she is somewhat bruised," I said, avoiding his eyes, "but she'll be all right in a day or two; and, like all misfortunes, it had its good side, for it was the means of bringing to light a mystery that has baffled the detective force on two continents, for some time."

"Hello, Norman, what's the nature of your discovery?—something ghastly, I'll be bound."

"Far from it," I said. "The little Mascot's unsightly make-up has secreted one of the sweetest faces imaginable, and one that I have been longing to meet for several years."

"See here, old man," said Maurice, compelling me to meet his gaze, "your words have a double meaning. If you've anything to tell me, out with it; I'm no school-girl to faint at unexpected news."

I grasped his hand. A thrill ran along my arm as I came in contact with his trembling flesh—for he was quivering with emotion. He had divined something of my meaning and was deeply excited.

"Great heavens! Norman," he said, and I felt his hot breath on my face; "you can't mean that that little woman down stairs is Marie?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I do mean, and precious glad I am to have made my meaning clear."

"Answer me. Did you tell her of her husband's demise?" he asked hurriedly.

"Yes, I told her everything. In fact, you have nothing to do but wade in and be happy. But remember, she is terribly shaken up; and I want you to go to your room and rest for a few hours, for you're not up to the mark yourself. Then I'll take you down and prepare the way for you."

I compelled him, under strong protest, to lie down; then I left him. Poor lad! I knew there wouldn't be much rest for him.

Three more hours were counted among the by-gones and the noonday bells were ringing out a glad melody. The air was

charged with a delicious sense of peace. Away in the far part of the vessel the steerage passengers were singing "Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!" For a moment there was a mist before my eyes, and I saw only the old church on the hillside, with a score of lads in their white surplices, and with thin, serious young faces, chanting on their way toward the organ-loft.

I went down to prepare Marie for the purser's visit.

"I see that you have crept into a more becoming garment than your black frock," I said, smiling down at her. "Yes," she answered, a pretty blush deepening the pink in her cheeks. "I have had to satisfy my vanity a little; I fear I am only a very weak woman after all!"

"That's as it should be," I said to her, "I mean the womanly part of it. Now I'm going to bring a very impatient young man to visit you, for—"

"No need, my friend, I'm here;" said an eager voice in the doorway. I turned and saw the purser, with a look of ecstasy on his handsome face which I had never seen before.

"My darling!" he cried, falling upon his knees by her couch and gathering her in his arms, "you can't—"

But I heard no more; I made a hasty exit, closing the door softly behind me.

A SURPRISE.

BY TAC HUSSEY.

I sought for Pleasure far and wide;
"O, Happiness!" I said,
"Come, share my lot; be thou my bride,
And let us quickly wed."
Just then stern Duty caught my eye;
She drew me to her side
And said: "Fair Pleasure soon will die,
But I will e'er abide."
Then I wed Duty—and thereafter saw
That I had Pleasure for a mother-in-law!

Des Moines, Iowa.

SUNSET AND DAWN.

BY MARY A. KIRKUP.



SUNSET.

OH mother of us all, to whom we come,
Returning weary from this world of strife,
Before thy varied beauties resting dumb,
Or, with swift dancing feet in joy of life;
With sunlight in our faces, glimmerings bright
Of life beyond these shadows, crowding fast,
Our questioning hearts find answers in thy light;
To thy true love a thousand charms thou hast.
But, in the sunset hour, in beauty mild,
When th' after-glow lights up the eastern sky,
O, then, thou hast a message for thy child!
A glory not of earth on earth doth lie;
The shadows deepen; slowly fades the light;
And round thee fold the dusky arms of night.



DAWN.

THE sky is tremulous with cool, gray light,—
No ashen pallor crushing in its way
The starry throng—a shadowed death in night,
But with a faint rose-promise in the gray.
Now one by one heaven's flock is folded in;
Their slender shepherdess reclineth still
Above the far horizon, pale and dim.
Her lord of light sure cometh; but he will
Find her all wan and faint, her beauty gone.
Now glory into glory mounts the east;
A carnival of color heralds dawn.
How throbs the heart! Behold the day released!
With purple banners flung in golden light,
The king comes forth! Uplift the gates of night!

Fort Dodge, Iowa.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF AN AUTOGRAPH FIEND.

By F. G. MOORHEAD.



AUTOGRAPH collectors, or "Mosquitoes of Literature," as Horace Greeley once cruelly termed us, are a source of much annoyance to some celebrities, of much amusement to others; while with a small minority of those whom the world honors with fame and name they are objects of contempt. But the results of the autograph fiend's labors, when gathered together in a collection are certainly interesting, even to those who despise, or affect to despise, the collector.

Not many months ago there appeared in one of our leading illustrated magazines an article entitled, "Confessions of an Autograph Hunter," which impressed me, first by its style, and then by the ingenuity displayed by its author in collecting his specimens; and, too, it fired me with an ambition to amass a collection of my own. Procuring a biographical dictionary, I began my task, the failures, disappointments and successes of which I have tried to outline in this article.

It was necessary, first of all, to procure the correct addresses, which in itself was no small task. Then each writer was read and studied with a view of addressing him on some subject interesting to him or his work. In many cases answers to these appeals for information were not at once forthcoming. So, after a sufficient time had elapsed, another letter was written, either asking directly for an autograph or writing on some pertinent subject. In some instances as many as a half-dozen letters were sent before any reply was received; but, with few exceptions, the autograph was the result of my first request.

Those who have admired "Jean-ah-Poquelin," with its portrayal of brotherly love, self-abnegation and faithfulness, will appreciate this letter from its author, George W. Cable, received in reply to an inquiry concerning the authenticity of the story's origin: "As to character, the person of 'Jean-ah-Poquelin' is a creation. The

fact of a man having had a leper brother in hiding in a small house in New Orleans is actual. I had it from my mother, who knew his family, — a large one. I also knew him and one or two of his brothers."

An appeal to Robert Louis Stevenson, whom some critics pronounce the greatest novelist since the time of Walter Scott, brought this reply, with accompanying signature: "I bow my head before the romance of destiny." (See cut on another page.)

This, coming from one who through all his life has been combating that dread disease, consumption, and forced to abide in the uttermost parts of the earth, that he might live, and living bestow upon humanity the gifts of his magical pen, is touchingly fitting.

Thomas A. Edison, the "Wizard of Menlo Park," paid no attention to requests for either autograph or letters soliciting information. I had almost relinquished all hope of ever obtaining a specimen of his handwriting, when as a last resort I wrote to Mrs. Edison, confessing my plight, and humbly asking her assistance. By return mail came his autograph, by far the neatest one in my collection. (See selected autographs on another page.) One need not be acquainted with the mysteries and the art of graphology to determine, by means of the handwriting of Mr. Edison, the character of its writer. Such a neat, careful, painstaking autograph shows the attributes which have made "the wizard" what he is, — the foremost inventor of our country and age.

To the readers of the pathetic and touchingly simple stories of negro characters from Harry Stillwell Edwards, the following extract from the author's letter will be of interest: "'Minc' and his companions were true to life with the exception that in some instances the happenings of two individual lives were crowded into one. The incidents were true and the characters all real."

In this connection a paragraph from the letter of Major Joseph Kirkland is pertinent: "The character of 'Zury' was drawn from life, from many lives — not one."

There are some people who insist that imagination has created more stories than reality. The foregoing extracts, which are of the same tenor as many others received, would tend to destroy that theory.

My letter to Grover Cleveland elicited a reply from his secretary. This, of course, for my collection was valueless. Nothing daunted, I wrote his secretary asking him to assist me by sending me the president's signature. The desired autograph was sent me. (See selected autographs.)

By far the most formidable enemy whom I, as an autograph collector, had to encounter, was Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. My first letter to him was a direct request for his autograph. It was unsuccessful. Then I wrote desiring his opinion as to the greatest orator that this, our country, has ever produced. No reply was forthcoming. Remembering my success with Mrs. Edison, I wrote to Mrs. Ingersoll, asking her to send me her husband's autograph. Again my efforts came to naught. Summoning all the boldness and audacity known to the society of autograph fiends, I wrote a "strictly confidential" letter to Colonel Ingersoll, addressing him not as *Colonel* Ingersoll personally, but as a warm and devoted friend of that gentleman, and asking him to use his influence with "Pope Bob," and if he could not obtain for me his autograph, to at least inform me how best I was to proceed in order to procure this much valued and longed-for specimen. Success attended my effort, and Colonel Ingersoll, as the friend of himself, wrote and sent me his autograph! (See selections.)

As proof that all celebrities do not regard autograph collectors as pestilent, I offer the following: Dr. S. Weir Mitchell writes, "You are welcome to my autograph and my opinion that my best book is 'Far in the Forest'."

From our own Senator Allison I received this, "I take pleasure in complying with your request for autograph."

Walter Besant, author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "All in a Garden Fair," and many other of the most popular English novels, wrote, "I beg to acknowledge your note of January 8th. I have great pleasure in complying with your request. I remain," etc.

Sir Frederic Leighton, president of the Royal Academy of England, and the foremost painter of the day, sent me a card containing these words, "Dear sir: I gladly send you my autograph for your collection."

R. G. Ingulth

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Frances J. Cleveland.

Thomas A. Edison.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

for W. D. Howells.

The Union of all who love
the literature of all who suffer

W. F. Read

Selections from Mr. Moorhead's Collection.

John C. ...

Edw. Egbertson

Lea Wallace.

Wm. H. ...
Commodore Bellamy
Chas. Dudley ...

Wm. G. ...

J. B. Reed

I lay my head before the Rance
of Resting

Robert Lewis Stevenson.

Selections from Mr. Moorhead's Collection.

Jules Verne, the novelist, from his home in France, wrote me a gracious letter (see copy of the original, on opposite page), which translated reads : " Dear sir : I hasten to send you the few lines which you desire for your album of autographs. How could I hesitate since I am to find myself in such delightful company ! May this little note reach you, transmitting as it does the assurance of my great friendliness to you, my unknown friend, among all those whom I already have in your great country of America. Very devotedly yours," etc.

My delight at receiving such a courteous letter, from one who has charmed us all with his realistic tales of adventure, can be better imagined than expressed.

W. T. Stead, the reformer and editor, of " Review of Reviews " fame, wrote upon the card sent him these words which condense into a formula all that he has been trying to say for so many years : " Work for the union of all who love in the service of all who suffer."

Zimmerman, the caricaturist of Judge, who, under the *nom-de-plume* of Zim, causes much good-natured mirth, was especially kind, favoring me with his autograph, a letter and a small sketch, which is the fac-simile of one of his popular pictures in Judge. The letter is thoroughly characteristic of the writer and reads thus, " My dear sir : My aim in life is to afford all the pleasure possible to the American people. So if this card gives you any comfort, I am happy."

George Parsons Lathrop, not seeing fit to honor me with his autograph, was approached at last through the medium of a registered letter. My direct appeals to him had all been in vain, so a registered letter was sent him. In the parlance of the river towns he " swallowed the bait."

Rudyard Kipling, approached in the same manner, evidently divined my purpose, for his brother-in-law signed in his stead — a new use for the serviceable brother-in-law to greatness !

The reply of Richard Henry Stoddard is yet unread. It is a cross between the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians and the word-pictures of the American Indians.

The oft-mooted question, whether those who know not or heed not Christ in this world will or will not have the time and

Amiens, 21 janvier 94

Cher Monsieur,

Je m'empresse de vous envoyer les quelques
lignes que vous desirez pour votre album
d'autographes. Comment hésiterais-je,
puisque je m'y trouverai en si honorable
compagnie. Puisse donc ce petit
mot vous agréer, en vous transmettant
l'assurance de ma très vive sympathie
pour vous, ainsi méritée parmi tous
ceux que je compte dans votre grand
pays d'Amérique.

Votre très dévoué

Jules Verne

Original of Jules Verne's Letter.

opportunity of knowing and studying him in the next world, was propounded to the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, Henry Ward Beecher's successor. The inquiry brought this interesting reply: "Without answering categorically to your request, I will say, first, that God's mercy endureth forever. Second, that he will, therefore, do all that Infinite Mercy can do for the redemption of every soul. Third, that it is impossible to conceive that any one should be

condemned to everlasting punishment on account of ignorance. Fourth, that I see no reason to deny that Christ may be made known to those in another life who have not heard of him, or to whom he has been inadequately presented, in this. In brief, I see no reason to suppose that Christ's redemptive work ends, for any portion of the human race, at death. Sincerely yours."

Wishing to be perfectly impartial I asked the same question of Dr. Minot J. Savage, the distinguished Unitarian, who in answer wrote: "I hope people in the next world will have an opportunity of knowing and studying whomsoever and whatsoever they will. Possibly you mean something different from what I do by 'knowing Christ.' Sincerely."

Altogether it is surprising the small minority of celebrities there are who, if due diligence, persistence, and fiend-sense are employed, will not comply by sending either an autograph or a letter. At present I can call to mind only a very few with whom all efforts have been unsuccessful. Chief among these are: Joel Chandler Harris, H. C. Bunner, F. Marion Crawford and Rudyard Kipling.

From my experience I can say that only about ten per cent of my appeals have received unfavorable replies, or no replies at all. It is almost needless to say that this very small percentage has not in the least discouraged or deterred the now full-fledged autograph fiend from his pursuits.

EDWIN BOOTH.

BY ISADORE BAKER.

He who full oft had faced the tragedy
 Of exit from this sphere of mortal care,
 Who died a thousand deaths, yet unaware,
 The dread ordeal of finality,
 Has reached interpretation ultimate
 Of life's last passion. Mystery supreme,
 Revealed in silence of immortal dream,
 Beyond all human destiny or fate!
 Though other histrionic kings may reign,
 In Tudor drama or Plantagenet,
 The woes of Richard and of Capulet,
 Or mad delusion of the vengeful Dane,—
 Yet ne'er again his mastery of art
 Shall one brief moment thrill the world's great heart.

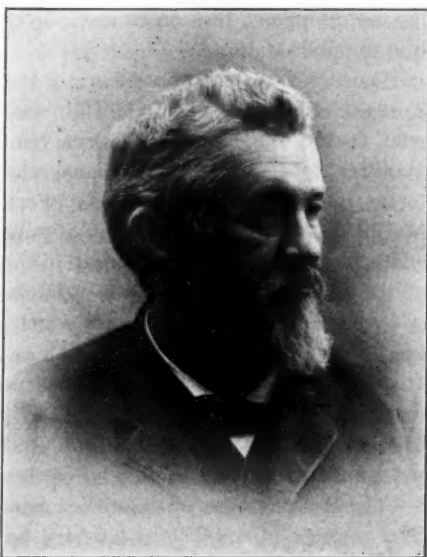
Iowa City, Iowa.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN. IV.

JAMES WILSON McDILL.

By S. R. DAVIS.

EVEN in this day and generation, when there seems to be a continually growing tendency on all lines of human endeavor to conform to the decrees of our so-called utilitarian or business age; when the first question asked about a man is, not what qualities doth he possess which make for righteousness and exalted manhood, but how much does he possess of wealth; when sentiment is looked upon as weakness, and the voices of the non-conformist and social reformer are decried as longings for an impossible Utopia, there occasionally comes a time when man is recognized as, after all, the one important fact. With the passing out



JUDGE JAMES W. McDILL.

of life of a really strong man, the world is made conscious of its littleness, of its selfishness and its vanity, and is reminded of the certainty of its own brief mortality.

An observant stranger, passing through the streets of Creston, Iowa, on the third day of March, A. D., 1894, would have noted the hushed and thoughtful demeanor of all classes of people, although it was Saturday,—the day usually given over to the activities of commercial life. It was the closing chapter in the history of Creston's most distinguished citizen, whose body was

that day borne from the home threshold to the quietude of Graceland cemetery.

The history of states is but the record of great men, crystallized. The name of James Wilson McDill deserves a conspicuous place in the list of representative men who have borne a part in the creation and development of Iowa. Of him it can be said that no man in the history of the state has filled so many important public offices, and that in every place of responsibility he proved himself thoroughly capable. Never, in a single instance, did he disappoint his constituents, or the powers that appointed him to public station.

James Wilson McDill was born in Butler county, Ohio, March 4, 1834. His father, John McDill, was a Presbyterian minister who, during the infancy of James, removed with his family to Hanover, Jefferson county, Indiana, where he held a regular pastorate until his death in 1840. Fortunate for young James McDill, his mother was a woman of superior intellect and strong character, who brought her son up in the nurture and admonition of the Christian faith, and in his childhood taught him habits of self-reliance and patient industry which served him well in after life. James Wilson McDill was well born,—of that sturdy Scotch-Irish stock which has borne so conspicuous a part in the making of this Western republic of ours. His paternal grandfather was a stanch North-of-Ireland man and Robert J. Wilson, his maternal grandfather, was a thorough Scotchman.

The Wilsons were distinguished men in Scotland and Ireland. The courage of the Wilson ancestry, as soldiers, was proven at the Siege of Londonderry, and on other memorable battle-fields. Hanging upon the walls of the Creston residence is a life-sized portrait in oil of Robert J. Wilson. It shows the countenance of a man of great dignity and strong character. This maternal grandfather of James W. McDill was an eminent scholar, a doctor of divinity, and for years was president of Ohio University, at Athens. He came to Ohio from South Carolina, and was an intimate friend and associate of John C. Calhoun, of whom Dr. Wilson often spoke in terms of affectionate regard and admiration.

With such good blood coursing through his veins it was natural enough that the future distinguished Iowan would prove to

be a boy of strong qualities. He attended the common schools of Hanover, Indiana, and when but eleven years of age began to prepare for college. At various times he attended Hanover College and Salem Academy until 1850, when he entered Miami University, graduating with honor in the class of 1853. At this college there were several students who afterward attained distinction, and from the hands of one of his college mates, Benjamin Harrison, James W. McDill afterward received a commission to an important trust, in which service he was engaged when stricken with his last sickness.

Very soon after his graduation the sturdy youth of nineteen years turned his attention to the then new West for employment, to assist him in raising funds with which to maintain himself while pursuing his future law studies. He came to Kossuth, Iowa, and secured a position as teacher in the public school. And here came the most important episode in his whole life. One of his pupils was Narcissa Fullenwider, the lovely daughter of Dr. Samuel Fullenwider. The schoolmaster almost immediately loved the bright young girl, whose heart as quickly responded, and an engagement speedily followed. Young McDill taught the school a year and then returned to Columbus, Ohio, and entered the office of Messrs. Galloway and Mathews, one of the most eminent law firms of the state. During the two years in which he was a law student his happiest hours were spent in writing to the love of his youth and in reading her letters, which came promptly in return. It was sometime during this period that the daguerreotype was taken from which one of the portraits accompanying this sketch was made, and it was sent by the young man to Miss Fullenwider during this correspondence.

At Akron, Ohio, in September, 1856, the young law student was admitted to the bar. In October following he came to Iowa, stopping at Burlington until the following spring. He then started across the state from Burlington, on horseback, with saddle-bags containing the most of his earthly possessions. His destination was Council Bluffs, where he intended to locate and pursue his profession. But strange providences often change the currents of men's lives.

Judge McDill has often told of this memorable ride; of its extreme dreariness, over the bleak prairies, in the teeth of the

heavy spring winds, which at times blew a gale and almost unhorsed him ; miles and miles without seeing a habitation, the howls of the prairie wolves at dusk, and, above all, the sense of loneliness, not unmixed with apprehensions for his personal safety,—all accompaniments in one of the most important stages of his life's journey.

Arriving at Afton one chilly afternoon he rode up to the hotel and before he could dismount was greeted by the cheery voice of the landlord, who jocularly asked him the color of his saddle-bags, bade him dismount, tied up his horse and conducted him to a glowing fire which the future jurist often declared was the most comfortable he had ever enjoyed. Next morning he started west, but had only gone a few miles when his horse took sick and he was unable to proceed. He returned to Afton and was again greeted by the hospitable landlord, with whom he announced his intention of remaining a few days, or until he was able to resume his journey.

Located in Afton at this time was Reuben Riggs, a pioneer lawyer of the olden time, who was not an educated man, but withal a man of large natural abilities. He called on the young lawyer, offered him a partnership, and urged him to "try it awhile anyway, and see how he liked it." The young lawyer was won by the generous hospitality and the frank and open friendship of those pioneer days. He tried it awhile, liked it more and more, and soon began the erection of a three-room cottage in which to install his expectant queen. As a rule, with rare exceptions, great men are home-builders, and they instinctively build and mate early in life. In August, 1857, the teacher and the pupil of that Kossuth school began the loving companionship which was destined to be one of continued ideal felicity until February 28, 1894, when the husband departed for the home not made with hands.

There was a mist in the eyes of this gracious lady as she recently narrated to the writer the events of the happy honeymoon which followed. There was then no Pullman car and iron horse to speed them over the prairies, but there was an old-fashioned carriage and a trusty team, and the time was the early autumn, and never before in their lives had the moon beamed so benignly, nor the stars shone so serenely.

Mrs. McDill recalls many incidents of that wedding journey, whose hardships now seem amusing, seen through the vista of the years ; but the privations of those pioneer days were lessons in life which only served to strengthen the character of each. An eastern periodical has lately made a prominent feature of sketches of "Unknown Wives of Famous Men." It would be impossible to do justice to the character of James Wilson McDill, without recording the part borne by his wife in shaping and moulding his career. When a child, Mrs. McDill came with her parents to Iowa from Kentucky in 1837. Her father, Dr. Samuel Fullenwider, served in the first Iowa State Senate, and is still living, with Mrs. McDill, at the age of eighty-eight years.

The venerable Doctor Fullenwider is a remarkable man, intellectually and physically, and Mrs. McDill's mother, who died years ago, was a woman of intelligence and most estimable qualities.

Mrs. McDill is a woman of culture, and the charm of her conversation is not the least of the qualities which enforce the admiration of the friends who know her best. Of fine personal appearance and of dignified bearing, whether at her home at Afton or Creston, or in the circles of Washington's social and official life, she has adorned the career of her distinguished husband. It cannot but be a source of great consolation to the four estimable daughters and the only son of Judge McDill to have the counsel and companionship of this good mother assured them for many happy years yet to come.



MRS. McDILL

In 1858, the young lawyer of twenty-four years was elected county judge of Union county, and he discharged his duties creditably. In 1859, he was elected county superintendent of schools, and only accepted through a sense of duty and because he desired to promote the interests of education in the home of his adoption. The salary was only \$75 per year, but he gave to this office the same faithful care which has always distinguished his official career.

Judge McDill had not long been in Iowa before he attracted the attention of Governor Grimes, who, when he became senator, appointed him clerk of the senate committee of the District of Columbia, of which Senator Grimes was chairman. In 1862, Salmon P. Chase, then secretary of the treasury, appointed him to an important clerkship in the third auditor's office, and part of this time he served as chief of the division of war claims. In May, 1865, he opened a law office in Washington, but his heart turned back to Afton, and in October, 1866, he formed a partnership with Hon. N. W. Rowell and resumed the practice of the law at Afton. In 1868, he was elected the first circuit judge of his judicial district. In 1871 he was promoted to the district bench by appointment of the governor to succeed Judge Day, who had been elected to the supreme bench. At the expiration of the term he was reelected by the people.

In 1872 there was a fierce rivalry for the republican congressional nomination in the eighth district, and entirely without solicitation on his part Judge McDill was suddenly nominated as a compromise candidate. He immediately resigned from the bench and made an active canvass. It was the year of the liberal republican movement, and in the eighth district, as all over the country, there were apprehensions of great defection from the republican ranks. Judge McDill was then, at the age of thirty-eight years, in the full bloom of manhood, and before that memorable campaign had ended there was another strong name added to the list of political leaders. He was triumphantly elected, and, in 1874, easily reelected. In the forty-third congress he was a member of the committee on Pacific railroads, and, in the forty-fourth congress, of the committee on public lands. During the presidential controversy of 1876, he was a member of the special committee to inquire into the privileges of the house as to the electoral count.

In 1876 he addressed an open letter to his constituents peremptorily declining a reelection. This letter was published in the Iowa press and was commented upon all over the country as an admirable and patriotic document. In this letter Judge McDill said that duty to his family required that he return to the practice of his profession; that he had found it impossible to save from his salary as congressman any considerable sum against the inevitable rainy day. Though of simple tastes himself, of frugal and temperate habits, and blessed with a companion of similar tastes and inclinations, yet the demands of politics and of society, to say nothing of constant appeals to his charity, left him at the end of each term without any substantial saving. He returned to his law practice and soon the firm of McDill and Sullivan was formed. An examination of the Iowa reports will show that this combination made one of the strongest law firms in the history of the Iowa bar. Judge McDill was the patient and thorough student who began the study of a cause from the ground, at the base of the foundation wall. He started with the elementary principles and studied the philosophy of the law applicable to each case. In this connection should be noted one distinctive trait of Judge McDill as a lawyer. He was as deferential and respectful to the humblest magistrate as to the judges of the highest courts of the land.

Edward F. Sullivan, as distinguished from his partner, was an able trial lawyer before a jury, on questions of fact, and as a cross-examiner of witnesses, his fame is known all over southern Iowa. Later Jerry B. Sullivan, who was a bright law student in the office, but not related to Edward F. Sullivan, became a member of the firm, and the only change in the name of the firm was the addition of the letter "s," and the firm was afterward known as McDill and Sullivans, until the final retirement of Judge McDill when he became a member of the Inter-State Railway Commission.

In 1881, President Garfield having chosen Senator Samuel J. Kirkwood secretary of the interior, Judge McDill was surprised and gratified to receive at the hands of Governor Gear a commission to fill out Senator Kirkwood's unexpired term. Bearing in mind his letter when he retired from congress, he carefully considered the matter, and concluded that it would be advantageous to his

children to have as a memory the career of their father in the highest legislative body of the land. He served in the senate with distinguished ability until March 4, 1883, and in 1884 Governor Buren R. Sherman appointed him a member of the Iowa Board of Railway Commissioners. After several years of service in this important position Judge McDill again retired to private life and resumed the practice of his profession.

On the death of the eminent Judge J. M. Love, of the federal district court, the legal fraternity of southwestern Iowa instinctively turned to Judge McDill as a suitable successor. When the writer called on the Judge and discussed the subject, he stated with great frankness and sincerity that this was the only public office for which he had ever felt a strong desire. His work upon the state bench in his early manhood had been quite congenial, and his mind was particularly analytical and judicial in its tendencies. A seat upon the federal bench would have seemed to him, of all things else, the most perfect finish of his public career. When President Harrison appointed Judge Woolson in his stead, Judge McDill made no complaint, but generously said that President Harrison was himself an able lawyer and a wise man, and doubtless had better subserved all interests by Judge Woolson's appointment.

On January 2, 1882, President Harrison appointed Judge McDill a member of the Inter-state Railway Commission, to succeed Judge Thomas M. Cooley, of Michigan, who had resigned. As the salary was fairly compensatory, and the position involved no social or political demands, Judge McDill accepted, with the feeling that his legal knowledge and former experience upon the Iowa Board of Railroad Commissioners would enable him to acceptably fulfill the duties. With what ability and fidelity he filled the place is best attested by the testimony of the distinguished chairman, Colonel William R. Morrison, and his associates upon the commission. While testifying to his lovable social qualities, they all say that no abler man has ever served upon the commission. Judge McDill has said oftentimes since his appointment that the work of the commission would be quite agreeable but for the nullification of the commission's decrees and the consequent impairment of its usefulness by the decisions of the federal courts.

In this connection it is noteworthy that the last public address of his life was to a large assemblage of intelligent farmers of Union county who were holding their annual institute at Creston during the holidays. In this address Judge McDill drew attention to the alarming interference of the federal courts in questions of purely legislative jurisdiction, and he said the otherwise beneficial influence of the inter-state commerce law was lost to the people by the encroachments of the federal court. This address to his friends at home, delivered in an earnest, almost impassioned manner, made a profound impression.



JAMES W. McDILL AT TWENTY.
From an old Daguerreotype never
before made public.

About one year ago the commission was called to the Pacific coast on important business. The journey was long and tedious, and the work of the commission arduous. Judge McDill took a severe cold and returned home to recuperate. He seemed to recover speedily, but Mrs. McDill believes that on this Pacific coast journey he received the first subtle darts of the last great enemy. He returned home to enjoy the holidays with his family and neighbors when he was stricken with his last illness. As the end of his days approached he was fully conscious of the impending change. All his life he had been a member of the church of his ancestors, and his faith in the truths of the Christian religion was rooted into the very fibre of his being. He went out of life serenely, believing that after the night of death, he would awaken to greet the morning of immortality.

This sketch necessarily includes, in the main, a review of the public career of this great citizen of Iowa. But all over the blue-grass region of Iowa his fame and influence were not measured by his achievements in politics or in public station. He was better known as the dignified lawyer, upright jurist and model citizen. The title of judge would have clung to him among our own people had he been elected to the presidency.

To Afton he brought his lovely bride, in the dawn of early manhood, and it was a great trial to leave this beautiful town, where all his children had been born, and where he had enjoyed

so much of ideal home life ; but the removal of the county seat to Creston necessitated the change. He came to Creston in 1885 and established his family in a modest, yet ample home, and here followed many fruitful years. Those who have been privileged to see Judge McDill in his library, seated in the same chair and at the same desk once used in the Congress of the Nation ; those who have enjoyed the charm of his conversation and seen him lovingly handle the books in his library, and have heard him read a choice passage from some favorite English classic, will always retain a delightful memory of the scene and its principal actor.

Not the least of Judge McDill's attainments was his wide scholarship. His reading of history and the classics of literature was his greatest pleasure. The Bible was, of course, his book of books, and next was Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, from which he often quoted whole pages. Had Judge McDill turned his attention to literature he would have won distinction, particularly in the department of history. He was a fluent writer. He could write for hours at a time in an easy flowing hand, as plain as copperplate, and he seldom had occasion to erase or interline a word or change his original sentences. Several contributions to the *Iowa Historical Record* and other periodicals are worthy of permanent preservation, notably his masterly essay on "The Making of Iowa."

When a boy I read in an old school-reader an essay on "The Gentleman." It began as follows : "A gentleman is just a *gentle* man, no more, no less." This can be said of James Wilson McDill. He was gentle, and tender, and modest, without a trace of vanity. He loved and encouraged young men, and never laughed at their often absurd ambitions and small vanities. His conversation was chaste and refined, and while a lover of humor, and a good storyteller himself, he would not listen to or encourage a coarse or vulgar jest.

The life of such a man is potential for good in a community. The memory of such a life is a priceless possession to the great commonwealth which he helped to build. But, best of all, it is an example worthy of all emulation by the youth and younger men of the great State in whose soil reposes the dust of James Wilson McDill.

SOME THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION AND LABOR.

By J. M. PILE,

PRESIDENT NEBRASKA NORMAL COLLEGE, WAYNE, NEBRASKA.

"IGNORANCE and mental stupidity are the bottom curse of both the individual and the nation." I agree with the writer of this sentence as well as with him who said, "Ignorance is the mother of idleness, the grandmother of destitution and the great grandmother of discontent and socialism." Two dominant currents of energizing thought are to-day prevalent and increasing; the one to acquire individual knowledge, expansion, light and power as the individual needs or aspires; the other, a widespread betterment of conditions. That this is so is encouraging. Neither our philanthropy nor our intellectual achievements have brought to the people the full measure of happiness and contentment desired.

A higher order of society that shall bring into activity the higher impulses and qualities can not be achieved and become permanent except a higher individual attainment is reached by a greater number. We need constantly to seek the goal of highest attainment while at the same time we seek to promote the happiness and usefulness of all.

While boys and girls, young men and women, are under instruction, we should try to lead them to see the relations of cause and effect in their clearest manifestations; knowing that this imparts the element of positiveness and habits of character which give independence in thought and confidence in their own powers of judging. These are the safeguards of their character and their rights as individuals.



PRESIDENT J. M. PILE,
Nebraska Normal College, Wayne, Nebraska.

When young people go out of the High School with a diploma—an evidence that they have completed a course of study—they should realize that only a foundation for an education has been laid. Would it not be wise to advise graduates, many of whom will not attend college, as to the course of study to pursue after leaving school? It would hardly need an extended argument to show that education consists not in filling up the mind so much as in building it up. Those studies which perform the double office of education and stower, that will build the mind and fill it with something useful at the same time, are to the student what the flowers, which furnish both wax and honey, are to the bees. Historical dates and spelling will not do it. Nor will algebra and geometry, which are to the intellectual faculties what a double convex lens is to light and heat, converging them to a single point, thereby developing the power of attention. Nor will literature, which is personal, theoretical, often leading to the use of wise words without much thought, frequently forming within us impossible ideals, causing us to strive for unattainable positions. Those studies which tend to cultivate to a high degree the greatest number of nobler faculties, not only observation, attention and memory, but also the will, the judgment and the various faculties of reason, must be given first place. In my opinion, no other studies than science, directly connected with mathematics, language and literature will do it.

The growth of modern industry renders necessary a reconsideration of the old school system in order to meet the wants of to-day. Our schools are entitled to a reasonable share of praise for that majestic development of industry which has made the Republic not only the richest but the most active, enterprising and progressive of nations in development of national resources and the general enjoyment of living. Yet, they can do more. Young people will find that skilled labor is a powerful lever, but it is that skill which has appropriate knowledge to sustain natural ability. The future will show that those who do not heed the lesson taught by this fact will be lagging sadly behind, both materially and morally.

If we consult reason, experience and common testimony of ancient and modern times, we must conclude that he who wishes to go higher than the plane over which past generations have gone; he who wishes to make himself worthy of the times in which he lives; he who wishes to be more than a mere cog of a wheel in the great machinery of organized industry, must soar much above "the three R's." We cannot tell what special fields our students may be compelled to explore, but certain it is that they will find them much wider and much richer than students of three-score years have found them.

We are told that education and labor do not mix well. The positions held by the educated farmer, the educated merchant, the educated mechanic is a standing and conspicuous rebuke to those who say that training in higher studies unfits young men and women for usefulness in the ordinary walks of life, that it fills them with a conceit that they are too

good to labor in the humble way in which the best beginnings of a useful life are made, that it causes them to value themselves beyond their worth, and that when they discover the world is unwilling to take them at their own estimate, they become sour and miserable, useless to themselves and society.

Physical science has come to be the greatest field of thought. No other age bears comparison with the present in the number and importance of the discoveries of the principles of nature. These forces are pressed into all work. On every hand inventions are made to utilize them and it does not take many revolutions of the earth on its axis to make an advancement which in the days of our fathers would require a quarter of a century.

One of the saddest wails which fall upon our ears comes up from the thousands who tell us they are thrown out of employment by labor-saving machinery. The individual is coming to be of small account in the industries of the world. More and more does machinery banish human muscles from the workshop. The child can now do what an able-bodied man could not do so well a few years ago; and a half-dozen men only are needed to turn out the work a hundred laborers could scarcely accomplish within the memory of our oldest teachers. Workingmen tell us that in all the relations they sustain to capitalists they are much oppressed. Admitting this, and that in it there is a great measure of wrong, the question naturally arises as to the extent this unhappy state of affairs is due to ignorance, and what education can do to lessen the conflict. It is by no means certain that they who have business capacity are all in the class of capitalists, and that all who do not possess business capacity are in the class of workingmen. The line separating capitalists and workingmen does not necessarily at the same time separate capacity from incapacity.

Will the proper education change the direction of this line? Yes. Mental culture which gives greater ease, precision and power of action of the mind will certainly enlarge business capacity. It is estimated that an ordinary district school education adds fifty per cent to the wage-earning capabilities; a high school education, one hundred per cent; a college education, two hundred per cent. As all the capital of the world is a product of man's mental energies, that which adds to their efficiency will be sure to increase the capital. Outside of mind there is no power. Force never generated one dollar of wealth. It is only as mind utilizes force, employs it in channels where otherwise it would not operate, that capital springs into being. Thus, it seems to me to be true, not only that education would secure an intellectual elevation of the laboring man, broadening his life, giving him more strength, making him a more intelligent citizen, a wiser legislator and a safer guide, but that better scholarship would give us more successful business men, that greater intelligence would make itself felt for good in all the avenues of material production. It is conceded that one of the most dangerous elements in this country to-day is the illiterate class. Many thousands of persons who cannot write their names or read a political platform, a large per cent of whom are voters, hold the balance of power in

civil affairs. The indolence of people has its focus among those who from lack of spirit or from surroundings content themselves with the darkness of ignorance and the incapacity resulting from the same. They have less stimulus to labor because less capable, they lack ambition which is found on a higher social plane.

That there is a professional or business side to education none can deny. That there is a value in arithmetic, geometry, mechanics, chemistry and kindred subjects, aside from mental training, is clearly evident. They give a knowledge of methods on which all skill rests. While they are disciplinary in the employment they furnish the mind, they also open up channels into the domain of business. If all our working people were versed in such branches of learning as have a business side, they would have the ability to guide the industries of the land, instead of being, many of them, mere human machines. Such men could not long be oppressed or trodden under foot. If greater prominence were given these studies, our laboring men would be placed on that ground where they would wield decided power.

The oppressions by those who have capital are not the result of ignorance, but selfishness, love of gain. Selfishness is regarded by many as a grand principle. We well know that this one thing causes most of the irritation, misery and discontent found to-day. It is upon this principle that we usually conduct business in this progressive and hurried age. The business code declares the union of friendship and money to be inadmissible. This popular sentiment expressed in its crude way, the prevailing idea of the way the world goes, in the rough but expressive words is, "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." While this is to be regretted, yet it is a fact. The principle of much that we call business is selfishness in its most open and undisguised form; selfishness ministering to its own rapacity by a thousand base and shameful tricks; selfishness assisting itself with deceit and fraud, with over-reaching and misrepresentation; selfishness pluming itself upon superior intelligence when it affects a roguery by playing upon the trustfulness of another; selfishness sneering at integrity and scoffing at honor. It almost seems that there is really nothing too base to be perpetrated in the name of business. It knows neither conscience nor patriotism. The haste to be rich debases almost everything and demoralizes everyone. It is right to get capital and wealth in an honest way. I am not denouncing the pursuit of money, but do say emphatically, that, when carried to excess as we often see it, it is a fertile source of crime, for it leads to meanness and dishonesty and has a most degrading influence on individuals and nations that give themselves up to it.

Under the conditions of civilized society the necessity of making money is by far the most powerful and all-pervading influence of practical life, and within due bounds and under proper conditions, it is a healthy and beneficial influence. At the lowest stages, it obliges men to work, and this is an immense advantage both to the individual and to the community. An idle man in every grade of society is a dangerous man, while an honest working

man, whether the work be of the hand or of the head, is far more likely to be happy and respectable. Money means not only the possibility of bare existence, but nearly all that makes existence tolerable—health, recreation, culture and independence. It admits of no question that the first duty of every one is to endeavor to raise himself above the level of daily cares and plant himself where he can face the present and look forward to the future with fair happiness and contentment. The one who succeeds in this has not lived in vain. He has performed the first duties and tasted the truest pleasures of mortal existence. Money-making is not the end for which life is given. Its purpose is the supply of material for physical support and to provide the means to meet the demands of our social, intellectual and moral nature.

The development of material resources can be secured only by observance of the laws of nature. Paul says, "Whatever a man soweth, that shall he reap." The means must be employed which involve the wise use of the forces of nature. An intelligent farmer is the one who uses the most successful methods in agriculture and understands the laws of nature which make such methods successful. There is no other department of industry requiring a wider range of knowledge and a more rational or scientific insight into the principles and forces of the material world. In this, there should be a study of chemistry as related to the soil, the plant, the atmosphere, the fertilizer, the principles involved in the generation of the vegetable world out of the mineral and the conversion of vegetable products into the animal tissue. Even the mechanical operations on the farm very largely rest on the principles of science. Without illustrating this subject at a greater length, it is evident that farming is much more than an art; it involves scientific principles which must be observed, whether understood or not. What is said of farming with a chain of details applies to every form of manual industry, in manufactures, in commerce of all kinds. In fact every branch of industry is under law which must be observed in order to develop capital.

I would urge graduates to continue their studies for both intellectual and material profit. A cultivated mind is in itself a sufficient reward for the money, time and efforts spent to get the cultivation. It should not be expected to relieve one in any way from the duty of productive labor. It has a fuller, richer consciousness of itself; it grasps better the phenomena of the world and of life; it can appreciate and enjoy the beauties of art and literature, and its existence gives its possessor a far more liberal and intensive life in every respect than that led by the uncultivated.

The wealth and position of the next generation will be measured by the amount of thoughtful and well-directed labor in this; the skill, intelligence and industry of young men and women of to-day will determine where the young men and women in twenty-five years will stand. It is then the duty of all to avail themselves of every opportunity to make themselves intelligent and skillful in work which pays—pays in health, wealth, thought, contentment and happiness.

MOTHERS IN CLUBS.

BY MARIA C. WEED.

TREASURER OF THE IOWA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

A few years since, such a subject as this would have received no notice from the thinking women of our land.

To-day it is deemed worthy of the best thought and effort of that class. Who shall say that this is not the outgrowth of the higher education of daughters?

The head, hands and heart which guided baby feet have surely a more difficult task in marking out a path for those same feet in their youth and during the years preceding majority.

In this day of rapid progression and mental development, a mother should be constantly storing away whatever of knowledge she can appropriate; but, with her multitudinous cares and duties, this is not always easy.

The simplest method by which it may be accomplished is association with some literary club. "What," say you, "will befall the husbands and babies in such cases?" (The same interest is rarely expressed when women leave their families to attend card parties.)

I will give you an instance in which this obstacle has been overcome. In the club of which I am a member, there are two young mothers of children two and three years of age. Our meetings occur on Saturday afternoon, and both almost invariably attend, accompanied by their babies. The children are supplied with toys, and allowed to sit and play quietly upon the floor near the mother. The club is thereby permitted to retain valuable members, and I have yet to hear of a single instance where the practice has been questioned. Of course, a club-room could not have a nursery attachment,—although the time may come when this will be seriously considered,—but there are clever, intelligent women who are mentally dwarfed by the enforced confinement of years in their homes, when the result would be widely different if they availed themselves of the opportunities offered.

In all literary organizations much information is gained by absorption, so to speak. There is no agent so diffusive in its effects as enthusiasm. A weary-minded little woman may be diverted and enlightened by simply listening to the elaboration of some theme, by her better educated neighbor, whose leisure has enabled her to strengthen her arguments by deep study, and whose strong convictions are in themselves a propelling force, carrying assurance and hope to the hearts of the less positive ones about her.

Reading circles are oases in many an intellectually barren life. It is best, however, for all to remember that knowledge is enriched by taxation; and in the preparation of an article to be read before an assembly your interest in the subject will be shared by your husband, and the valuable information to be discovered upon the topic will astonish you both. Even the children will gain by it and retain enough to color their opinions and give birth to new ideas.

It is the ambition of all good clubs to place in every household a cultivated woman. Why is it that our older children receive so little help in their studies at home? Is it not that their parents have failed to keep in touch with the later educational methods?

This can be partially accomplished by an occasional visit to the school-room. It is useless to plead the "no time" excuse, as we will always *make* time to discover the prevailing modes; and while we may neglect the mind, we will ordinarily exert ourselves to find a suitable covering for the head.

To the young religious inquirer and doubter of our day we must not only be able to argue that the Bible teaches thus and so, but must be armed with the additional proofs which learning and research are continually affording, that we may establish, to the questioner's satisfaction, a belief in the reasonableness of our hope. If we are sufficiently well informed in the present educational requirements to be an authority, our sons and daughters will be the first to accord us that position. Maternal instinct will always discover the channel which leads to the understanding of the child, and how much more intelligible it will become through the medium of her love and sympathetic interest! She will be so clever also in instilling the desired knowledge that, like drugs, sugar-coated, the result will be attained without suggesting the means. If she be a woman who covets political influence,—and there are such,—let her train her son in ideas of purity and honesty in legislative affairs, until he shall be the living expression of such aspirations and ambitions. If we believed that "the hand which rocks the cradle moves the world," would we not strive to become more creditable factors in the elevation of society?

Club women argue that the best results are gained by combined purposive effort, many minds concentrated upon the same object. As has been said, enthusiasm is essential to success, and is dependent upon numbers to be widespread and lasting.

The interchange of methods and ideas—"our hopes, fears and aims being one"—is productive of growth. Through the Federation we are brought into contact with the highest types of womanly attainments and this is in itself an inspiration.

Surely there is nothing in all this which tends toward masculinity, or the development of that spirit of objectionable aggressiveness which characterizes some of our sisters who hold tenaciously to the belief that their so-called rights are denied them.

We claim that educated woman will be faithful in her allegiance to what she considers best, giving close attention to detail, esteeming the smallest matters to be of importance. Though her sphere be broadened and her resources enlarged until she shall be admitted as man's co-worker in all the sciences, she will still, out of her mighty resourcefulness, carry all her own burdens, and share her husband's, and neither her baby nor her *preserves* will suffer in consequence!

In a word, we are aiming at Ideal Womanhood, in the sense in which that term is recognized by our husbands, our brothers and our sons.

IRVING—THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

ENGLAND'S GREAT TRAGEDIAN IN HIS GREATEST ROLE—"KING LEAR."
—A MORNING WITH THE WORLD'S MOST RENOWNED PAINTERS,
FROM RAPHAEL TO TURNER.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. III.

LOST in London! Not as the woeful hero and heroine in the play are lost; but overwhelmed with the immensity, the incomprehensibility and other four-to-eight syllable qualities which distinctively belong to the world's metropolis.

It would be folly to even attempt to describe this vast and literally uncounted aggregation of humanity; this phenomenon of new and vigorous life grafted upon old Roman, Saxon and Norman stock; this strange blending of conservatism and progress, selfishness and liberality, greed and waste, the material and the spiritual, tragic earnestness and farcical gaiety, half comical assumption of authority and—to an American—laughable obsequiousness to powers that be. The inevitable fog, drawn over it all, gives to the London that greeted us a picturesqueness such as belongs to the weird creations of Doré.

What does it all mean? This incessant coming and going! This great hive of humanity, individually so purposeful, can it collectively be purposeless? Looking down upon the throng, from the height of a London omnibus, that best of all points of observation, and thinking upon the unseen, universal force impelling all this activity, I recall the suggestive words from "Fifine at the Fair":

"We come and go,
Outside, there's Somebody that stays."

I can at least begin at the beginning and tell the reader of our first "night out" in London. Finding it impossible to get nearer the House of Parliament than the outer gate,—so intense was the rush to hear Premier Gladstone's latest great speech, and so slight was our weak hold upon the latch which opens the gate to the stranger,—we next concluded to signalize our advent by attending the Lyceum theatre and seeing London's next greatest celebrity after Gladstone, Henry Irving. The fact that it was the night of "King Lear" added much to our desire, for Lear is said to be the tragedian's greatest role. Of course I went first to the hotel porter, for everybody goes to that august personage for everything. The Briton eyed me over his spectacles and said:

"You'll not be h'able to make h'it sir; h'it's too late."

"But," said I, "suppose we try."

He looked at me again over his glasses, then turned to the telephone, and, with settled unbelief in his inflections as in his words, he thus addressed the Lyceum box office:

"No seats, is there, sir?"

An I-told-you-so look of triumph on his face made his repetition of the answer unnecessary. I remarked that I would see what I could do. Procuring the name of a well-known firm of ticket brokers near Trafalgar Square, I took a cab and in forty minutes was back at the Midland Grand with—not tickets, but a promise to have two good "stall" tickets awaiting me at the entrance of the Lyceum at 7:15. And so we were to see Irving after all!

In our ignorance we didn't know what "stalls" might mean to us; we only knew we were to see the play. To our surprise we found ourselves delightfully "taken in,"—in among the best, and in the best part of the house.

It was a great night,—an enjoyable change from the regular production of Tennyson's "Becket," that all the wealth of scenery for which the Lyceum is famous, all the talent of the great actor who has undertaken to create the role, cannot make otherwise than heavy as compared with that greatest of all Shakespeare's creations, the grandly mad old king whom ingratitude drove to the mountains and to companionship with the warring elements.

The boxes, stalls and dress-circle were filled, and men and women stood in the passage ways. The pit was crowded with men wearing hats, but otherwise respectful, and women who looked quite as well, independently of attire, as the ladies in full dress about us. That portion of "the other half London" just behind us in the pit was an audience quite as appreciative as any we had ever seen.

No real lover of Shakspeare can witness Irving's "Lear" with other than deepest emotion mingled with profound satisfaction. The stage-settings and costuming are as true to the pre-historic era of Lear as the genius of Harker and Craven and the research of Irving can make them.

The first scene, in the king's palace, the king in the plenitude of his power, his rough retainers gathered about him suspiciously regarding the old man's excess of love and generosity bestowed upon his daughters, Goneril and Regan, and regretfully noting the father's misplaced suspicions as to the loyalty of the youngest daughter, Cordelia, forms a picture which will last a lifetime.

No less vivid is the farm-house scene, in the third act, in which the strong-willed, weak-minded and well-nigh impotent old man finds companionship with the soul-distraught Edgar and the faithful court-fool.

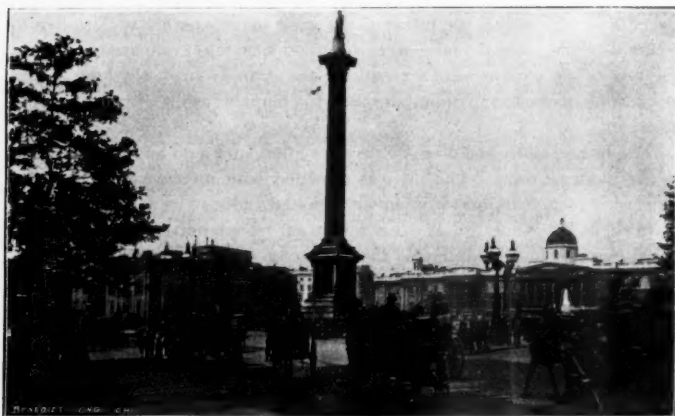
The storm scene, of which Lear is the center and his tempest-driven soul the voice, was the highest height of tragedy.

Let the critics have their say about Henry Irving's mannerisms. So thoroughly does the actor lose himself in this scene, and so completely does the personation satisfy our ideal of the most daring of all Shakespeare's creations, that we would not, if we could, alter so much as an inflection, or gesture, or look;—and of few actors can one say as much. It was a night

of nights; an event to be remembered along with the Othello of Forrest, the Hamlet of Booth, the Virginius of McCullough, and the "Winter's Tale" which crowned the all too brief dramatic career of Mary Anderson.

A late breakfast and we enter upon our day's sight-seeing. Reconciled to not seeing it all, we choose first to see the National Gallery with its whole world of art that has all these years been waiting our coming.

We take a cab. Everybody takes a cab or a more expensive four-wheeler. Being Americans, we never quite satisfy the greedy expectation of the cabman. I was delighted later, at the Criterion theatre, to hear Mr. Wyndham term the London cabmen "growlers," for, of all human beings I have ever seen, the London cabman is the most unregenerate. At least a



TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

"The National Gallery faces Trafalgar Square, a grand breathing place in West End, which the visitor somehow finds himself passing and re-passing as he comes and goes about the city."

single pair of the swine that rushed down into the sea must have escaped drowning.

The National Gallery faces Trafalgar Square, a grand breathing place in West End which the visitor somehow finds himself passing and re-passing as he comes and goes about the city. It is a splendid tribute to England's great naval hero who met death at Trafalgar in 1805. The massive Corinthian column in the center, 145 feet high, sustains a statue of Lord Nelson which is seventeen feet high. It is defended by four colossal bronze lions fashioned by Landseer. In the square are also statues of Havelock, Napier, Gordon and, least of all, George IV. Scenes in the life of Nelson are presented in bronze, from captured French cannon, about the pedestal of the central column.

The large building north of the square, in Grecian style and well dignifying its elevated position, is the National Gallery, built in 1832-8.

A hasty glance at the paintings must suffice, instead of the volumes which have been written and might yet be written of this treasure storehouse. The Tuscan school is to the untaught mind a confused aggregation of Madonnas and infant Christs. The Madonnas range all the way from grave to almost gay! The representations of the Christ-child are, most of them, disappointingly dull and some of them painfully old, far beyond the child's years. Few of them hold the eye, inviting reverent thought. I say this with such great names as Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli and Pollajuolo staring me in the face!

The Sieneese school is to us still less interesting, with one exception, that of Fra Angelico, 540 years old, which presents many interesting faces of saints and martyrs.

The schools of Ferrara and Bologna emphasize the marvelous degree to which the Christ-idea permeates Italian art. It also strengthens the impression that the several Italian schools developed few who possessed the real Columbus spirit—more Madonnas, more idealizations of the Holy Trinity, here and there a Last Supper, and little else.

Next the Umbrian school, with the religious thought quite as prominent. Here our steps are arrested by a name which has behind it a purpose so warm with life and a serenity so satisfying that we linger long before Raphael's incomparable "Holy Lady," copies of which are seen in every land and are as familiar to Americans as are those of Da Vinci's "Last Supper." This painting was bought from the Duke of Marlborough for \$350,000. Near it is another Raphael,—the vision of a knight, a beautiful female figure allegorically presenting two ways, one leading to glory and the other to pleasure. Which one did the knight take on waking? Raphael's "Madonna, Infant Christ and St. John," and several other well-preserved paintings by that greatest of artists are an unmixed delight to the chance visitor as to the artist.

The Venetian school affords more variety and finer shadings of color. Titian's "Holy Family" and his "Madonna and Child" are delightful groupings of color. Tintoretto's "St. George and the Dragon" is power embodied. Paul Veronese, Bellini, Moroni and others of this great school invite long study of their work in detail.

But we hasten on to the Dutch and Flemish schools, lingering only to enjoy the velvety blacks in which Rembrandt excels all other artists, and the rich colorings of Rubens and Van Dyck, the former with his bold reaching out after the grand and the fantastic, the latter with his unguessed secret of making common men immortal.

The early German and Flemish schools are of a distinctively religious cast, with an occasional portrait of remarkable strength. The Peel collection of Flemish and Dutch cabinet pieces is one of rare gems in which the genius of Rubens and that of Rembrandt shine out prominently.

The later Italian school seems to delight most in reflecting the blue skies and waters, and yellow-white exteriors of Italian cities.

In the French school the idealizations of Claude Loraine attract much attention and raise in the realistic layman's untrammelled mind some questions which many would term artistically unorthodox.

Velezquez and Murillo dominate the Spanish school and lead at least one ignorant visitor to more than ever respect Dutch, Flemish and, most of all, English art.

How delighted we are to reach at last the British schools!

In the older British school, the wonderfully beautiful eyes of Gainsborough's subjects follow us, and make us feel our welcome. Sir Joshua Reynolds blesses us in many ways and forms. His kneeling "Samuel" is as familiar as a family picture could be; his "Heads of Angels" scarcely less so. His "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" is a marvel in color and form. Our own Benjamin West and John S. Copley bear well the comparison with their English brethren in art. West's "American Indians" are the Indians of Fennimore Cooper and not the savages known to dwellers on the border. Hogarth fascinates us. Copley and Constable and the rest of the great host who have distinguished the English school of art, one with his portraits and the other with his landscapes, tell us we are at home from our long wandering in unfamiliar schools.

In the modern British school, Landseer holds us by his genius for reproducing animals. His dogs are actual dogs—and yet they surely have souls! Rosetti, leader of the pre-Raphaelite movement in English art, is represented by small paintings of rare delicacy, combined with great boldness of design and coloring.

In the nineteenth century room, the well-known names of Eastlake, Leslie, Wilkie, Ward, Rosa Bonheur, and Maclise make good their several reputations.

The "only" Turner is fittingly given a room by himself, and a remarkable group of paintings the artist has left us. They are impressions, rather than paintings in the Meissonnier sense of the term. Their yellow and black and yellow-white daubs, which confront the visitor who, over-bold, approaches too near them, take weird suggestions of beauty as the spectator, rebuked by their meaningless stare, steps backward, and still farther backward, until he is halted by the railing upon the opposite side of the room.

But the lateness of the hour compels us to make a hasty retreat. After a cup of chocolate in a dainty little hole-in-the-wall on Charing Cross, we take a cab and are off for Victoria station with the Crystal palace at Snydenham for our new objective point.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Notwithstanding all that has been said by editors in explanation, it is difficult for many to comprehend how it is possible for those who act as arbiters between contributors and readers to impartially and without ulterior motive pass adverse judgment on the creations and combinations over which they themselves have worked so faithfully and long. Since it is part of THE MIDLAND'S mission to speak to hundreds for whom the more distant magazines have few words of encouragement, this monthly cannot justly withhold the word of counsel which should accompany the encouragement it is offering those who have not yet earned sure places in the literary world.

The wisdom of George Sand, in her old age, as brought to the surface in the February Century, provides both text and sermon. The author of "Consuelo," though not an authority in morals, is a veritable magician in the use of words for the investiture of thought, the portrayal of character and the picturing of scenes from nature. Her genius seems to have emancipated itself from the slow and laborious processes by which others attain. It now appears that even George Sand found the way to the stars a rough and well-nigh inaccessible way. In her case the road to literary glory would seem to have been cleared by a bold flight, so free are her best pages from suggestion of labor; and yet this gifted woman, in her counsel to Mme. Blanc, reveals quite other conditions. You who are discouraged because the firstlings of your brain are returned by the editor, he having found them not "available," read with profit the experience of George Sand. "I had, myself, to wait two long years before I saw myself in print," she writes, "and that at a time when the book trade was making money." Summing up a correspondence covering years of intimacy, Mme. Blanc says of her literary adviser:

Nothing would so excite her indignation as the *laissez aller* of those would-be geniuses who trust to their own inspiration alone—she would have shrugged her shoulders with contempt at the intuitivisme of the present day. She would say, over and over again, that art is not a gift which dispenses with culture; that the lack of solid worth which is characteristic of so many productions of the pen is due to defective studies; that a mind will never be rightly moulded if it has not triumphed over the difficulties of all kinds of labor which exact a tension of the will; in other words, that one should be thoroughly familiar with the art of fencing before taking hold of a sword. Hence her advice was to delve into history, natural sciences and philosophy, and much more, before one trusted one's self to the resources of the imagination.

Nor does George Sand stop here. She thus earnestly exhorts her young friend and literary protegee:

You must not suffer your soul to remain void of a faith, for talent is not developed in an empty soul.

She assures her friend that she will help her in her search after her own soul. She counsels her to keep close to God by prayer, and to base her career upon "an active, honest, and unselfish life," keeping in mind "the

duty of enlightening and of elevating her soul." She assures her protegee "a more rapid progression toward God for those who have greatly striven for good." She then returns to her lesson of persistent working and patient waiting, exhorting the writer to "have courage, even if you have to wait several years for your day of victory."

All this is here reproduced, not to discourage but rather to encourage young authors. The encouragement will not be found by writers small of soul and spiritually short-sighted; but to those who really feel the call to become "preachers of essential truth," as Mrs. Browning terms our poets, —and might also have termed our true novelists; to such, the counsel and admonition of this unexpected preacher and teacher comes with telling power.

* * *

"HAVE you read the 'Heavenly Twins'?" is already become a somewhat threadbare inquiry; and yet no half-dozen readers of the book are quite agreed as to what it aims at. But now comes a writer in Jerome's new London journal, "To-Day," who tells us all about it. The "message" of Mrs. Sarah Grand, as this writer informs us, is to teach woman that her object in life should be "the higher education of man." That man needs to be educated to higher and yet higher planes of thinking and living must be conceded by even the most self-satisfied lord of creation — part of the time, at least; but, whether or not woman's mission should begin and end with the endless and beginningless task of putting down the barbarian rebellion in the man nature, is a question which — permitting us to state it — admits of but one answer.

* * *

THE whole argument against the present competition of editor-publishers for noted names in the table of contents, rather than notable contributions in the body of the periodicals themselves, is summed up in this bit of satire from the Davenport Democrat: "The world waits impatiently for Jim Corbett to write an article for the Forum, or to contribute another of the justly celebrated Century War papers."

* * *

THE term "Amateur," as used in connection with the prizes which THE MIDLAND offers for stories and poetry, is in that connection construed to mean one who writes for publication, not professionally, not as the principal means of earning a livelihood; but, rather, in a desultory way, from pure love of literature, or with a purpose of fitting oneself for a literary career.

* * *

The late Professor Jowett, of Balliol College, appears to have had but one conspicuous character defect, and that is the absence of discoverable faults, even of those that lean to virtue's side. Archdeacon Farrar, in the Review of Reviews, says, "The professor never 'let himself go'; was never carried away by the impulse of the moment; had little sentiment in his

composition." The man who cannot "let himself go," who cannot enjoy the rare luxury of being carried upon the waves of some great enthusiasm; who cannot sometimes lose himself in a generous impulse, is only half a man—even though, as in the case of Professor Jowett, the half we see is altogether admirable.

* * *

OCTAVE THANET, whose portrait graces the frontispiece in this number of *THE MIDLAND*, has, in the March Scribner, an admirable sketch of the various types of the Northern farmer, as seen at the World's Fair. Most of the illustrations, by Frost, are also good; but two of them are sorry caricatures. In the April Scribner this gifted writer will portray "The Farmer in the South," a subject with which she is equally familiar.

* * *

The fiction of the day is chiefly of the kind that tends not simply to humble but also to humiliate the soul. And the worst of it is the fascination of books of this kind.

It is intensely, painfully interesting to look in upon an expiring life and watch the flame die down—and out. At such a time come thoughts which mark a crisis in the soul's career, thoughts which, though deep, are often near enough to the surface to visibly affect our after-purposes and aims. It is not well to turn aside from duty to encounter such experiences; not well to linger long a speculative watcher in death-chambers, noting the almost phonographic register of the confused reasonings, illogical conclusions and varying emotions of the perturbed listener for Death's summons at the door of life. Yet the impressions received by those whom duty calls to the room in which life waits on death are among the most profitable in the whole range of experiences.

It is somewhat so in literature. While now and then a book traversing our most sacred relations with sorrow comes into our life with a mission too direct to be unheeded, it is unprofitable to pass from one such book to another until the mind becomes bewildered with speculation on the insoluble problem of our being's aim and end.

"The Sorrows of Werther," presenting with intensely realistic force the so-called philosophy of suicide is, to most readers, one book too many. It is not of such books that we are speaking. As a psychological study, and as a glimpse of Goethe's all-comprehending mind, this woeful tale may perhaps be followed with profit by readers who have reached the reflective period of their book-reading career. But works of this nature are positively bad when read in the gloom of some early disappointment or along with the first approaches to the subtle philosophy of pessimism. Fortunate is the reader of "Werther" whose moral nature is sufficiently robust to throw off the poison.

It is a long ascent from the gloom of "Werther" to that of "David Grieve." "The History of David Grieve" is a book to be read, not with

unqualified approval, but with the earnestness which befits the most interesting of all studies, that of a soul's development. Mrs. Ward's book should be followed, not with other stories of beclouded lives, such as Hardy's "Tess of D'Urbervilles," but with literature that is sunny and work-inspiring and hope-inducing. At times it thrills the soul with anguish; but at other times it is as exhilarating as the mountain air. Now it touches the nerves of the soul, causing a twinge; and now, with godlike compassion, it sits in gentle yet firm judgment upon sins committed, mercifully mitigating the severity of inevitable punishment. But, O, the woeful, heart-deadening experiences through which the noble nature of David passes on his way over the rough moors, and over the morally rougher thoroughfares of Manchester and Paris, to mature manhood's exalted plane!

And now comes another notably sad book, entitled "Ships that Pass in the Night." It preaches no such needed sermon on virtuous living as that which the workingman's wife gave poor, sin-distraught David, that early morning in the Champs Elysees, after his unavailing search for his faithless Elise. It gives no such grand lesson on the essential, character,—in art as in life,—as that which the artist Regnault taught the young Englishman in Paris, as they emerged from the midnight revelry of the artist's club into the beautiful moonlight. Just why Miss Harraden's story was written is not quite apparent. It is a sad story, from which the reader would escape and yet cannot; a tale which had best not been told, for, while it is artistically told, it deepens the gloom settling down upon many a life; it mildly persuades sad souls—not as Longfellow would persuade, with a promise of sunlight beyond, but with the subtle argument of a Schopenhauer, the conclusion of which is nothing better than the stoical waiting for a development of the next phase of untoward fate,—“a resignation worse than murmur.”

Hawthorne inserts a bit of wisdom into the philosophy of "The Marble Faun," which may well be applied to the theme in mind: "It was needful for you to pass through that dark valley, but it is infinitely dangerous to linger there too long; there is poison in the atmosphere, when we sit down and brood in it, instead of girding up our loins to press onward."

We turn with relief and gladness from the "not proven" attitude with which the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night" regards the soul's immortality, to the simple, childlike faith and trust of Whittier:

Yet love will dream, and faith will trust,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees;
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

Octave Thanet promises *THE MIDLAND*, very soon, a story illustrated by her own camera.

Newsdealers and postmasters will find it to their advantage to write at once to the publisher of *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* for special rates.

Hon. Fred. Lehmann, on Justice Miller; and other strong and popular writers are soon to appear in *THE MIDLAND*'s "Representative Men" series.

Get the January number, and so get the first installment of "Beatrice; a Story of Bayou Teche," a tale that grows in interest.

Of thrilling interest is B. F. Tillinghast's story, in the May number, of Iowa's gift of corn to Russia's starving peasants, illustrated with Russian photographs, picturing Russian peasant life, and suffering relieved by the Red Cross almoners of Iowa's bounty.

"Nooks and Crannies in Scotland" is the attractive title of a short series of papers by G. W. E. Hill, grand lecturer of the I. O. G. T. Next month's will be elegantly illustrated.

A series of war narratives and romances will attract much attention in future numbers of *THE MIDLAND*.

"A Village Romance," by Miss Helen Sherman (with portrait), will soon appear in *THE MIDLAND*, probably in the May number. Miss Sherman is the gifted daughter of Major Hoyt Sherman and a niece of General Sherman.

The May installment of "The Editor Abroad" will contain numerous London views.

A notable paper in the May *MIDLAND*, the promise of which is attracting much attention in the press of the two Dakotas, will treat of and illustrate the timely theme, "Irrigation and Artesian Wells in the Dakotas." The recent Irrigation committee in Huron, highly commended the purpose of the author, Mr. H. L. Chaffee, of Minneapolis, and South Dakota's State Engineer of Irrigation writes the publisher of *THE MIDLAND*, expressing the thanks of his state for this outside interest and aid, and the intention of the members of the recent convention to give the May number extended circulation.

"A Norwegian-American College" is the title of an illustrated article from the pen of Prof. Estrem, of Cresco, descriptive of a unique and interesting representative institution of learning in the Northwest, namely, Luther College, Decorah, Iowa.

A New View of the Hoosier Poet, James Whitcomb Riley, is the subject of an able paper prepared for *THE MIDLAND* by Mrs. Mary J. Reid, of St. Paul, one of the ablest contributors to the Literary Northwest, now merged into *THE MIDLAND*.

Captain Ransom L. Harris, of Audubon, is preparing a paper for *THE MIDLAND* which will attract much attention. His theme is "John Brown and His Followers in Iowa." The article will be well illustrated. Captain Harris was part of the movement of which he writes, and the subject is full of historic, almost romantic, interest.

It must, by this time, be evident to even the most skeptical, not only that *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* is going to live and grow, but also that no midlander can afford to let these first numbers pass out of the market without possessing a complete set from the very beginning. In a few years collectors will be paying the price of a year's subscription for single numbers, to complete broken sets.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Selections from the Essays of Francis Jeffrey; edited with introduction and notes by Lewis Gates, instructor in English in Harvard University. Athenæum Press Series, Ginn & Company, Boston, publishers.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Burg Niedeck, *Novelle* von Wilhelm Heinrich Riehl (in the German), with introduction and notes by Charles Bundy Wilson, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the State University of Iowa. Ginn & Company, Boston, publishers.

War Sketches and Incidents, as related by companions of the Iowa Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, Volume I. P. C. Kenyon, printer, Des Moines.

A FEW AMONG MANY PERSONAL COMMENTS.

Superintendent Fogg, Marshall County: I am much interested in *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY*. . . . I trust Iowa will be proud not only of the beginning but of its continued success.

Hon. James Harlan: I want you to succeed, on your own account, and, also, on account of my desire to witness literary development and growth in our beloved State.

Hon. S. M. Clark, Keokuk: I probably would have said "don't," but I like your pluck and am intensely interested in the success of your enterprise.

Rev. Bourland D. Smith, Postville: There is need for just such a magazine here in the Northwest. I have unbounded faith in the enterprise.

W. D. Lee, Chairman Tama County Republican Committee: Your new enterprise should be encouraged. We want to do our part, etc.

Horace T. Carpenter, Artist, Chicago: I shall be much pleased to help make a success of a thoroughly "midland" periodical.

W. C. Moyer, Atlantic, Superintendent Cass County Schools: I am sure the magazine will be just what our people have wanted.

Rev. E. H. Puget, Muscatine: It is high time this midland region had some vehicle for the genius and thought of its people.

Superintendent Heath, Poweshiek County, Iowa: Our people are highly pleased with *THE MIDLAND MAGAZINE*.

Hon. John A. Story, Greenfield: We want to be in what promises to be the first Iowa magazine of any prominence.

Rev. A. W. Armstrong, Secretary Des Moines Conference: It shows an array of midland talent that "took" me.

W. F. Durno, Daily Record, Chicago: With interest I watched the news stands for the first copy of *THE MIDLAND*.

Mrs. J. G. Hutchison, Ottumwa: Our hearty good wishes for abundant success in every way in your undertaking.

C. A. Stanton, Centerville: I wish your enterprise great success, and will get you several subscribers here.

Cyrenus Cole, Managing Editor State Register, Des Moines: I find everywhere deep interest in the new monthly.

J. C. Kubias, Sheridan, Wyoming: I wish to be enrolled as a subscriber in time for the very first number.

Prof. Frank M. Nelson, Bethany College, Kansas: Wish you abundant success in your new enterprise.

Julian Richards, Correspondent Chicago Tribune: Best wishes for the success of *THE MIDLAND*.

Mrs. Lillian Monk, President Woman's Club, Nevada: Your project deserves encouragement.

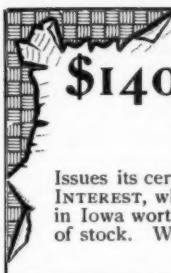
Rev. Dr. Howard A. Johnston, Chicago: Best wishes for the success of the periodical.

Hon. Ambrose A. Call, Algona: You can depend upon me to assist your enterprise.

Senator A. K. Bailey, Decorah: I cordially wish you great success in *THE MIDLAND*.

Hon. S. S. Sweet, Belle Plaine: And may the best of luck attend you all through.

Postmaster Crane, Dubuque: With sincere wishes for your complete success.



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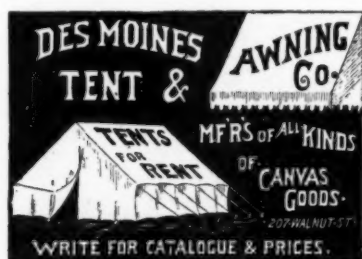
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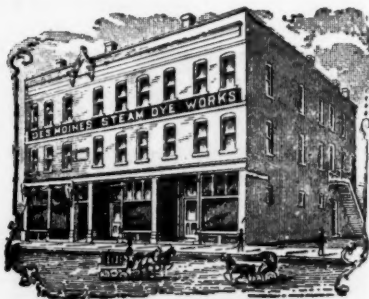
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Readers and advertisers—especially advertisers—will note with interest the following:

We herewith announce to the public that the **entire subscription list of the Literary Northwest**, of St. Paul, Minnesota, together with the good-will of its editors and publishers, has been **turned over to the Midland Monthly**, Des Moines, Iowa, Mr. Johnson Brigham, editor and proprietor, who will carry out all **unexpired subscriptions** to the said Literary Northwest; and we herewith tender to The Midland Monthly and its proprietor **our best wishes** for the success which the publication deserves, and which its large, and now undisputed, magazine-field richly promises.

D. D. MERRILL Co., *Publishers, Literary Northwest.*
MARY H. SEVERENCE, *Editor-in-chief, Literary Northwest.*
H. THOMPSON CARPENTER, *Man. Ed., Literary Northwest.*

With the combined subscription list of this magazine and the Literary North-
west, the new illustrated \$1.50 Midland Monthly, with the present March number,
takes undisputed place as the only literary representative of the best thought and life
of the vast Midland and Northwestern Region, including Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota,
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OFFICES 304-5-6 MARQUARDT BLOCK.

Publisher Midland Monthly,

DES MOINES, IOWA.



Wild Rose
petals fall in
May;

Withering, natch

the brier they lay:

Lovely flakes & shaded pink,
Fading, to oblivion sink.

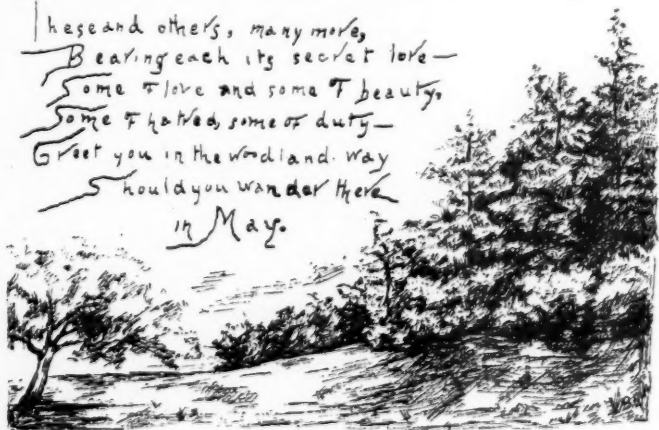
Cherry blossoms, spotless, the keys
Slender branches, long and shoneys

Locust clusters, roughly barked,
Pearly lips with yellow marked:

Daisy tufts & blue and gold;
Stems erect and straight and bold:

Gaugy plum with petals creamy;
Odor full, yet gently dreamy:

These and others, many more,
Bearing each its secret lore—
Some & love and some & beauty,
Some & faded, some of duty—
Greet you in the woodland way
Should you wander there
in May.



Original Drawing and Poem by "BEN ALHASSAN."